

KNAVE

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BOTTOMS UP!

IT'S BUTTOCK FRENZY TIME IN KNAVE!

Rotten To The Core -

JOHNNY ROTTEN IN THE POST PUNK ERA

SLAPPING LEATHER IN *Triggerometry*





Photographed by JAMES FREEMAN





AGATHA





Like most of us, Agatha has a keen interest in sex and loves reading up about her fave topic. Just recently, she's been investigating night-time erections in men, and has discovered that at the age of 20, men could enjoy (albeit unwittingly) three hours of erection while they were asleep, and an hour and a half of hard on between the ages of 50 and 80. And before you start writing in to us, claiming that you can do better and inviting Agatha around to your houses to see for herself, it should be pointed out that she read all this in books! But if photos do more for you than books, then check out our Classified section and buy your own unpublished pictures of our Agatha!





The last time Barbara appeared in Knave, it was on the cover of our Penpower Special a couple of years ago, our collection of favourite dirty letters (the new edition hits the shelves in September, plug, plug). Then, Babs was draped in purple satin and I'm sure we used the rest of the set in another issue, but I'm damned if I can remember which one! Oh, we see so many naked girls here, honestly, it's awful and I yearn for a job on a magazine writing about extruded plastic containers, honestly I do...(Okay, you're fired - Ed). No wait, I didn't mean...





Photographed by PETER FLODQUIST



Barbara

and totally lacking in finesse, and no real tenderness to it. He was coarse also and his manners so crude as to be appalling. For example when he came in me he 'had shot his load' or when he was mounting me it would be 'get in knob and sprew' whilst a doggy-style fuck would be a 'back

saw them and began thinking of women's legs.

The slang term John Thomas is said to have originated after a 15th Century Wiltshire man of that name, with an unusually large penis, was hanged, drawn and quartered for rape. His large member was pickled in a jar and many showmen made a lot of cash showing what they claimed to be his penis as they toured the country.

scuttle' to him. Then he would sit astride me, push my boobs together and ride that great rampant cock between them till he was on the point of coming he would grab my head in his huge fists and 'shoot his load' of thick, hot spunk all over me, eyes, ears, in my hair, everywhere. And slut that I am, I loved it - all of it and he knew it. Once when he was about to 'climb aboard' he had that throbbing erection in his two hands and muttered, "Wrap yer twat round this Laura and milk my balls dry." I did and it was wonderful. I shall never forget the first time I saw that cock. I was on back, on that rug and he was stood over me and pushing those filthy jeans

Helen







Photographed by MRA

Helen and her charms led me on something of a personal quest, an investigation into the vagina in all its many forms. For instance, did you know that the word 'cunt' had been banned in print in this country from 1300 to the middle of the twentieth century? Or that butterflies have two vaginas, one to conceive and one to deliver? How about the fact that when it isn't sexually aroused, the average woman's vagina (if she's had no more than two children) is only seven to eight centimetres in length. Now don't write to me and complain that we don't give you any conversation openers to pass on to your granny. And no, there are no prizes for readers who locate Helen's vagina in any of the following pictures...





jane





Well readers, do we pander to your needs, or are we just a bunch of cruel haughty swines sitting in our ivory towers? Yes, you asked for more of Jane, and here she is. We dragged her down to our studio to whizz around her in the fork-lift truck, which looked not unlike a scene from a Keystone Kops movie. There was Jane lying back on the sofa, with James Freeman high up in the Gods taking shots for the poster. I clambered up a ladder to try and work out the angle he was getting and nearly fell off when I was confronted with a beautiful view of Jane's widely parted thighs. Nearly had an industrial accident in my trousers, I can tell you. And if Jane has the same effect on your seams, then turn to our Classified section to find out how to get hold of your own pictures of Jane in all her naked glory!





jane
KNAVE



Photographed by PETER FLODQUIST



PVC boots and clobber. All very sexy, but reasonably difficult to get off, as Lisa and I discovered during this shoot. It was my own fault for trying her clothes on, I guess. No, you're right, I should have put a bit more talcum powder in them, but I'm strictly an amateur when it comes to this kind of kinkiness. But I'm told that it's becoming more popular. No, it really isn't for me. I'd rather save a few bob and have Lisa dress in my favourite outfit: a thick layer of lemon curd topped with a couple of Cornettos.





LISA



CALLS CHARGED 10 PER MINUTE (NEAR PEAK HOURS) AT ALL OTHER TIMES RESTRICTION TO PO BOX 4077 LONDON

MIAIRY





Hammocks.
Possibly the worst
things to make love
in. You'd be hard-
pressed to find
something more
uncomfortable to try
and shake a leg in.
Mary disagrees, and
insists that she
could laze in one for
hours; once she's
finally clambered
aboard. It reminds
her of things like
Captain Pugwash
and Robinson
Crusoe. The smell of
sea and sea men...if
you follow me.



In honour of Paige and the bed in this set, we popped old John Denver on the stereo during this shoot. He was too heavy for that, so we gave him a chair instead, arf, arf. No, we played his old chestnut, 'Grandma's Feather Bed' as Jack took the pictures. They don't write songs like that anymore, thank God. What on earth made someone write a song about the contents of a mattress? It's bizarre, isn't it? Maybe I could have understood it if it had been about a waterbed. Let's face it, 'Grandma's Waterbed' would have been a bit different, wouldn't it? Although Paige would probably have become sea sick during the shoot, if we'd brought one in for her.



Photographed by JACK HARRISON





PAIGE



and throat up and down on his cock getting faster and faster all the time and at the same time I lifted and fondled his balls in my two hands. Ryan's breath became ragged and short. I started to massage his balls in my mouth. I eased back till I could get one hand round the base of his shaft. I squeezed, pulled and sucked greedily and then he came. And oh, how he came. I sucked harder, I tongued faster as he shot his load of spunk down my throat. It came in great thick hot gushes filling my cheeks and flooding my throat and the feel of it made me mad with lust to be fucked once more.

His cock slackened a little, not very much though. I kept it in my mouth till his breathing was back to normal. Then I got back to my sucking with just his knob between my lips this time as I wrapped both my hands around his ebony club. I felt it stiffen and I took my mouth away continuing to pump him till he was up as hard, as thick, and as proud as ever. That is when I climbed up onto the bed beside him and I whispered, "Now Ryan, now darling, now fuck me . . . fuck me . . . fuck me hard."

during the 1990 Nude Day.
**EDUCATIONAL
SUPPLEMENT**

The Department of Education at George Washington University in Washington, DC, organised a series of lectures on 'The Brain: Implications for Education'.

Among scholarships available in the USA are one of \$700 at Juniata College — but only for left-handed students — and one of \$1,000 for PhD candidates studying fungus. Mt Carmel, Pennsylvania, High School offers one for graduates who don't drink, smoke, play rough sports or live anywhere except Mt Carmel, and Harvard-Radcliffe has scholarships only for people named Anderson, Baxendale, Borden, Bright, Downer,



PRE



Photographed by ELECTRIC EYE





My first thoughts when I saw this set were the words, "wobbling mangoes." Can't think why, but they just seemed to leap into the front of my mind as I looked at Rae's gently swinging bosom defying Newton's third law of motion (for every action there is an equal reaction, or words to that effect). Newton would be proud of her, and might even invite her to lob one of her apples onto his bonce if he were around today..



jealousy, but it could not compete with the overpowering excitement of watching this coupling of my wife to be and the black stud she hardly knew. Like a dirty old man, I crouched low and peeped in on them. The car bounced in time to their gyrations and I heard muffled cries of pleasure from inside. I raised myself up a few inches as Sue suddenly dismounted the big, shiny black cock, grabbed it in her right fist and milked it onto her belly. Joe's bursts of come were so powerful, one splattered onto her chin. As he shot his seemingly endless load, she used her left hand to smear the come all over the top of her body, like oil. When she had squeezed the last drop from him and her body glistened from come, I slunk away from the car and waited for him to leave. He did so only a few minutes later, running back inside the club in only his shorts. Eager to exchange tales with Natalie, no doubt. Sue was pulling on a short red dress over her head when I got back into the car. The smell of sex was heavy in the air and she could not cover up her come oiled upper half quite fast enough to hide the evidence. My efforts to appear casual were wasted. She and Joe had both known I was watching them and their pleasure had been greatly heightened by the fact. "So, what happened with Natalie?" she demanded, leaning forward from the back seat. I smiled and put a finger to my lips. She was going to have to earn that information when we got home. - M.C., Netherlands.

Hoss Cock

It didn't take three months for me to realise that my second marriage like my first was fast going sour but for totally different reasons. Sex with Jimmy, my first, was wonderful until I discovered he was slipping his 7 inches



Robin



Photographed by MRA



Vivian has the distinction of being described as a: "hot guitar babe," by Grant, the skinny hipster who designs our sister title, Fotogirls. He likes a bit of guitar, and has been known to bend his Fender at the sight of a girl caressing her g-string and gently fingering her plectrum. Sends him Bo Diddley, so it does. Especially when she flashes him her Joe Satriani and runs a moist fingertip across her Gibson. It's just a shame that the last time he had a deep and meaningful one night stand with a guitar babe he picked up a nasty dose of Eric Clapton...



VIVIAN





Photographed by ELECTRIC EYE





Going through life with a name like Robin can't have been easy. The constant Batman gags, the remarks about red breasts and cocks all lead themselves to be used in a vulgar way by unimaginative blurb writers such as myself. The funny thing is, Robin is a bit of a crime buff on the quiet, although she doesn't match up to the likes of her caped crusader namesake. While she was in the studio, she told me about the Japanese dentist she had read about, who was shot by a would-be mugger. Luckily, the extremely wealthy dentist was carrying such a thick wad of cash, that when the bullet struck it, it couldn't penetrate it! I don't know if Robin was trying to tell me something at that point, but it made me put my wallet away, anyway...



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5
in the gym. Equally obviously, he took a disconcerting interest in Sue the moment he laid eyes on her. I might have been jealous, had I not been so completely awestruck by his wife. Natalie had the sort of perfect, casual beauty many women would kill for. Her body was filled out in all the right places and her thighs seemed to reach to her throat. Her white one piece swimsuit, contrasting dramatically with her dark skin, hid nothing. It was not meant to. When they left us, Sue only had to glance down to see the effect Natalie had had upon me. Joe's effect upon her had been similar, but with less obvious results. The band had been playing

only a little while when Joe suddenly reappeared and asked Sue to dance. She accepted with neither hesitation, nor a glance in my direction. Before I could recover from the shock, Natalie was standing before me, smiling in a sly and sultry fashion. I don't recall any words being spoken, but suddenly we were dancing together in the sand amongst a throng of sweating, gyrating bodies. Sue was nowhere to be seen but, to be honest, my concentration was on Natalie. She danced sensually, using every muscle of her lean, dark body. She thrust herself towards me with raw, provocative aggression. I responded in kind, the music and the women taking control of me.

It was like we were fucking right there on the dance floor, amongst all those people. In a way, we were. No words could ever communicate our mutual excitement and desire as explicitly as our bodies did then. How long we danced for I don't know, but by the time Natalie took my hand and led me away from the crowded floor, we were both drenched in sweat. The swimsuit clung tightly to her body. Her nipples showed clearly, stiff like a pair of tiny pricks. She led me to a dark corner at the far end of the hall, away from the sea of bodies. All I could see was her pearl white smile, as she tugged my shorts down over my hips. I wondered briefly what would happen if we were caught. Then, a soft fist closed around my painfully stiff cock and I didn't give a damn.

Natalie's lips crushed against mine. Her tongue stuck into my mouth. I pulled the swimsuit down off her tits and cupped the sweaty, stiff nipped globes. She moaned into my throat, caressing my balls, stroking my cock and rubbing it against her belly. If she kept this up, she was going to be very wet at any moment.

Natalie seemed to sense my imminent climax. She tore her mouth away from mine and dropped to her knees. I felt her hot breath on my cock, then the warm wetness of her mouth closing around its full stiff length. I could not help but moan in ecstasy as she worked on me. She certainly knew how to use that sensual, full lipped mouth. The music and voices in the background seemed a world away. After less than two minutes, I climaxed violently. Natalie hungrily gulped down the thick, hot cream.

That was it. The culmination of our lust in a dark corner of the nightclub had taken only

HOT & BOTHERED

According to a survey published in The Sunday Times, the top ten bits of body men believe women drool over are as follows:

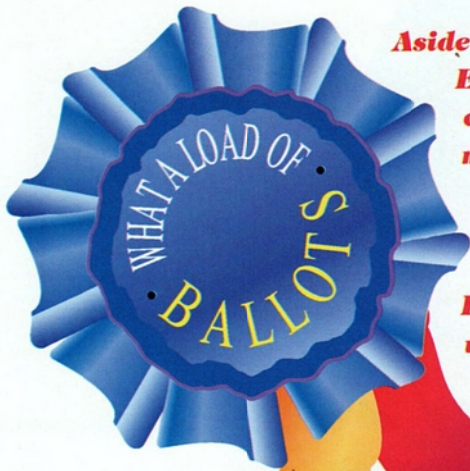
1. MUSCULAR SHOULDERS AND CHEST ... 21%
2. LARGE BICEPS..... 18%
3. PENIS 15%
4. ABOVE AVERAGE HEIGHT 13%
5. FLAT STOMACH 9%
6. SLIM FIGURE 7%
7. HAIR 4%
8. SMALL, TIGHT BUTTOCKS..... 4%
9. SEXY LEGS..... 4%
10. LONG LEGS..... 3%

a few short, but oh so sweet minutes. Natalie pulled up her swimsuit and left me with a parting smile.

I tugged up my shorts and hurried out of the club, stopping only to collect my clothes on the way. I wondered where Sue and Joe had got to. I did not have to wonder what they were doing. Sue was likely to be as willing a participant in the black couple's game as I had been. I decided to wait for her in the car. We could trade confessions later. As I neared the car, I could see that she was already there. And she was not

alone. Joe was half sitting, half lying on the back seat, his shorts around his ankles and his vest bunched up around his shoulders. Sue was sitting astride him, completely naked, riding the sort of enormous black cock legends of made of. I peered cautiously through the back window, heart pounding, eyes widening. Sue was squeezing and fondling her own bare tits. Joe's eyes were firmly fixed on the sight of his stiff cock pistoning up and down between her thighs. The looks on their faces said it all. I felt a momentary twinge of





Aside from Royal Weddings, General Elections have become the media events of the past decade, and no matter what the outcome, most of us still can't resist tuning in to Peter Snow and his huge charts ("Just a bit of fun,") or watching Robin Day berate some poor old wanna be politico. BRIAN O'HANLON examines the election fever and all its symptoms...

I began my political life as a Grimond Liberal voting against Anthony Eden's Conservative government (they won!) in 1955 and have sailed through this last campaign as a weary agnostic, completely non-plussed by 'issues'; the Health Service, the Economy, Jobs, Income Tax and VAT. Like you I have been assaulted daily and tellingly by the squeaky-voiced Mr Major, Kinnochio, and Paddy Ashdown, whose gravitas is only a touch worse than Dr Owen's. As a 60 year old veteran of ten elections I consider myself politician proof. I wait with bated breath each time to see who is going to be the first to mention The Zinoviev Letter – an old piece of Tory chicanery which cost a 1920s Labour party an election. And I have not been disappointed. Mr Hattersley, in between photo opportunistic visits

"At school Pete Lewis came up and said he was going to bash anyone who was Conservative."

to his Sparkbrook mosque (aka in Private Eye as Mr Hatterjee) found time to resurrect it in an article be-whining the Tory Press in The Times. I was 13 in 1945 when the wartime Coalition was dissolved and Mr Churchill – as he then was – called an election. It was all very exciting to my young mind so I sought the advice of 'Mr Smiff' down in the stables. 'Mr Smiff' had seen service in the 'First War' as a cavalryman until they took away his horse and told him to go and play on the Somme. 'Mr Smiff' did a half squat in his jodhpurs, farted, and re-lit his bottom lip. "Winnie's the one, boy! Vote for old Churchill is what I say. Not that chicken hearted whelp. Attlee, or that cownson, Cripps. Aneurin Bevan, boy? Bloody conchie! Herbert Morrison? Best part of him went down his father's trouser leg!" At school Pete Lewis came up and said he was going to bash anyone who was Conservative. He

was overheard by 'Sarah', otherwise Mr O'Hara, our housemaster, who banged the unfortunate Lewis's head against the nearest tree roaring Per Adua Ad Astra. Politics was clearly a nasty business. Most members of parliament came from the mid upper class and aristocracy. Their disagreements, except for the likes of Nye Bevan and Herbert Morrison, were gentlemanly and not personal. Even the boo-ing had an undercurrent of laughter. The Hustings were eagerly awaited as a welcome diversion from routine living in the pre-telly age. It was the time when people knew what you were by the way you spoke and the way you dressed. The class divisions then, as now, were not between the aristocracy and the upper middle professional classes but between the two factions at the bottom, the lower middle class, comprising

office workers and non-commissioned service personnel and their families, and the manual working class who hated one another. The professional class was very much what we call Guardian Man today. Journalists, actors, doctors and lawyers, to say nothing of the clergy, have always been 'bolshie' – to use a good old pre-

"John Smith and John Major are electoral assets, Gerald Kaufman and Norman Lamont are not."

Sixties word – or anti establishment. What changed our political appreciation as a nation can be summed up in a word: TELEVISION. And it was that perennial Edwardian actor manager, Harold Macmillan, who was the first to

spot its potential. In the 1959 general election – which the Tories won with a 103 majority – it was the stage managed 'unflappable' Supermac (Eton) who downed Hugh Gaitskell (Winchester), with the Liberal party being reduced to five. It was the age of Never Had It So Good. Britain's biggest post-war boom when you could put 10% down as a deposit on a new car and pay the rest over five years. When Britain's kitchens filled up with 'fridges, when package holidays were born, and when television entered the British home in a big way. Macmillan's reputation soared and soared. He was never a mainline Conservative. The appalling conditions in the trenches of the Great War had left an unradicable scar. He was a Toff. He was a Grandee, but he was also for the working man, and thus consensus politics were born and lasted through the brief tenure of Alec Douglas-Home, on to Harold Wilson, Ted Heath, and James Callaghan, right up until the advent of Margaret Thatcher in 1979. But from 1960 onwards, general elections were decided on television. Image became all too important. Macmillan, who had used it so cleverly, saw it irrevocably turned against him in the Vassal spy hiatus and the Profumo Affair. Overnight his grouse moor persona had become an electoral liability and was punched home when the newly elected American President, John F

Kennedy, came here. 'Supermac' had become an old fuddy duddy 'Chelsea Pensioner', which was how the Daily Mirror's brilliant political cartoonist, Vicky, drew him. As with everything else, Britain was also to follow America in its politicking. Our elections

became increasingly presidential stylised until this last one when the transition had become fully completed. We now have a six months run-up to every general election day. It has been decided for us by

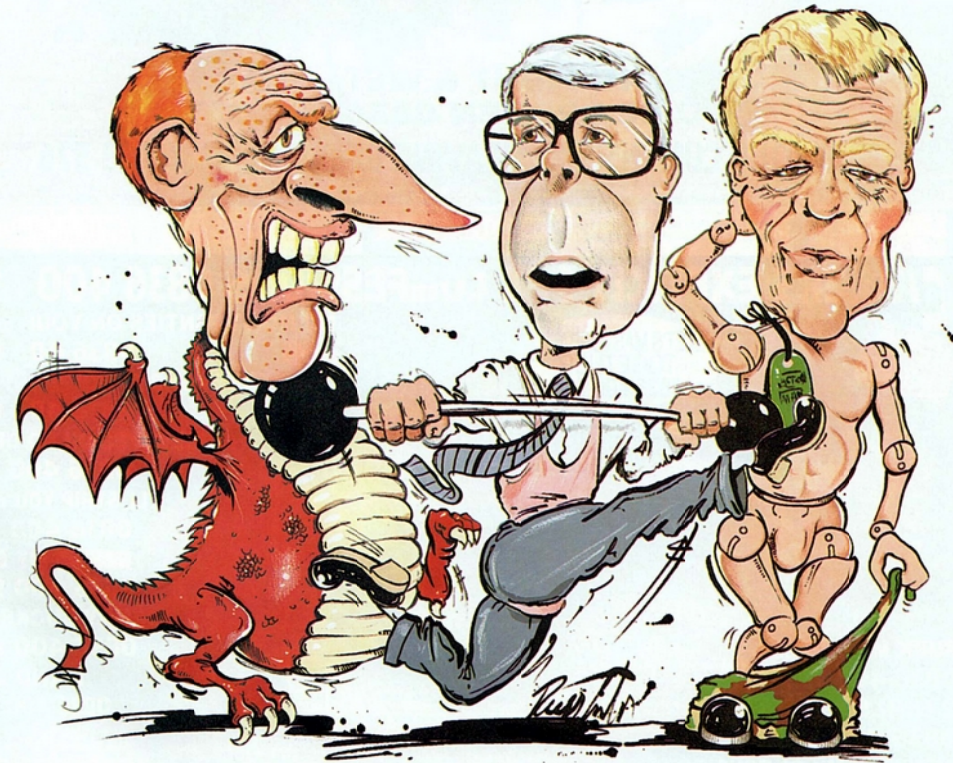
"Mr Healey's remark about squeezing the rich until the pips squeaked was very hollow."

the media, led by television. Both major parties were running DAILY press conferences in early January. Opinion polls were produced at least three times a week. You might say, I DO say, that the entire concept of electioneering has become grossly trivialised in the process, and you might agree, but it is unstoppable. We have got it whether we like it or not. Today, at this election, kissing babies does matter. It's how you look, not what you actually have to say. Thus, John Smith and John Major are electoral assets, Gerald

Thatcher legacy which both Labour and the Liberal Democrats have recognised, and in the case of the Labour party has meant jettisoning old sacred cows such as unilateral disarmament, nationalisation, and a recognition of the market

economy – though not the Thatcherite free for all – as an ineluctable fact of modern economic political life. Politics is now sellable business to TV. Just look at the success of Robert Kilroy-Silk and Question Time. We, all of us, can sit with our suppers in front of the box and take part in great comfort, agreeing and disagreeing as we go along. We have also become better educated politically in the process. Politics is a continuously turning wheel. We are almost back to the

The savage truth is that since Britain dispensed with its Empire in the Labour administration of 1945-1950, and with it such advantageous trading conditions as Empire Preference, we have become less and less in charge of our financial destiny as the last Labour government found out when the IMF (International Monetary Fund) finally dictated to Prime Minister James Callaghan, and his Chancellor, Denis Healey, terms and conditions for bailing Britain out of trouble yet again. Mr Healey's remark about squeezing the rich until the pips squeaked was very hollow, especially when he had to bring in two Labour budgets which would not have been dismissed by a Tory chancellor! On top of that we now have the EC. Every week there is a squawk from someone about common market 'interference'. The bad news is that whether we like it or not we are on an irreversible path to European union



Kaufman and Norman Lamont are not. Paddy Ashdown is, Roy Hattersley, Alan Beith, and Kenneth Baker are not. Whereas from 1945 until 1979 we moved towards the left, so from 1979 until now the move has been in the other direction, towards the right. A

Macmillan era of consensus. Whatever noises John Smith might make to the contrary, Labour's economic policy in practice will not differ much from the Conservatives. Of course, there will be a little tinkering here and there to pacify the faithful, but in the end it will all be an illusion.

with all that it implies. Our MPs will have no more power than local councillors, and the 1997 election will almost certainly be fought in Brussels. God knows what 'Mr Smiff' would have thought about that.

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Swirling Deep Inside

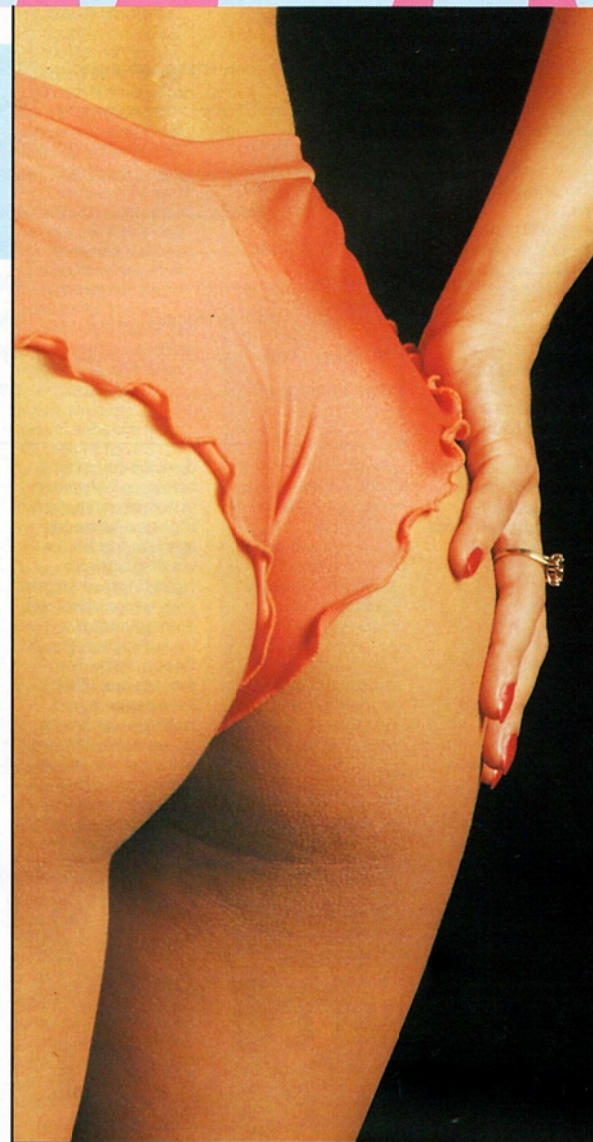
I suppose it's a bit unusual, but you may like to know that I use my husband, Rupert, to book all my fucking sessions with other men. Being an ex model I've no illusions about my shapely

figure, and we'd agreed when we got married that I could take lovers. A necessary arrangement when I explain that he's sixty one, I'm buxom and thirty one, and my beaux range in age from eighteen to thirty eight! Rupert's rich and generous, asking only that he can watch occasionally,

and help me choose sexy things to wear. In return I have him make all the arrangements and he notes down my gentlemen's preferences in every detail. For instance, Barry. He likes me in very tight white lace basques and matching stockings. That matches my ash blonde hair and shows

my breasts off to good effect. Barry is just a common plumber, but he has a wonderfully strong cock and Rupert loves it when well endowed workmen fuck me. Picture it, the bedroom is fitted in satin, some classical music is playing on the CD and my darling sugar daddy has chilled the wine. Before going out to dinner with my randy pipe man, Rupert has helped me into a red leather dress, and teased my cunny with my black and gold vibrator, so much so, I'm soon dripping wet and horny. He knows I will be full of Barry's spunk by midnight, and the next morning, it will be his job to shower and freshen me, whilst I brag about my lover's prowess. Barry is a bit rough and direct and I like that quite a lot. We eat and drink, and yes, on the way back to my home, he stops me, fingering my sex nonchalantly as I lean against a convenient wall. He's got a big appetite so I often have to take his throbbing cock in my hole there and then, surrendering to a quickie, hot and passionate. I know full well he's got lots to spare for when we get home. Like so many other guys he boasts about me as his conquest, and in the club I feel very much 'his bit of skirt', a cock tease to his mates who can't have me! Soon though, we're home and my dress comes off to reveal my salty, swollen sex peeping at him from beneath the basque. He likes me to finger myself a bit, I do so willingly, stripped to basque and stockings,

withholding on my own finger pressure. Of course, his spunk, my fanny cream and swollen cunt feel great and I lick the stuff off my fingers as I finish. Then he takes over, petting me, stroking my tits until I feel so hot for it. That's the nice thing - Barry is boss in bed, and no mistake. Rupert never was, so I savour the way he hooks my legs over his shoulders and dips his cock up my crack, just fleetingly as a tantaliser. Naturally his chest is big and hairy, and I try to lick his nipples, but they're not quite in reach until he mounts me and we clench hot and wanton. Because Barry likes the bitch in me I talk dirty. "Stick it in deep, that's it, make me squeal with the pleasure darling..." I moan. I always fuck dirty with Barry, he just triggers it in me. By the time his shaft is betting in and out of my slithering wet cunt, I'm as hot as hell, my cunt grasping at every thrust. We make sex music, banging and slurping toward orgasm, so the whole bed rocks like anything. I can feel his climax near, remember the etiquette ladies first, and scream into a wonderful orgasm, just seconds before he joins me. Bump, bump, the headboard catches the wall, and all that lovely lover's spunk is pouring into me. We tongue kiss urgently, like animals, groaning and moaning, so the whole household can hear us! The fucking gets repeated at least twice more in the next hour and then we both fall asleep. I lie on his chest, feeling his sperm swirling deep in my sex. By six am I let Barry out of the house and



Rupert gets us breakfast. The sun's just up as he takes me to the shower, licks my sticky pussy and then showers me all over with tender care. "You're such a sexy woman," he says... but you'll have to make up your own minds. - N. Bury.

Glistening With Sperm

Last Autumn, my fiancée Sue and I won a pair of tickets to an "exclusive Caribbean beach party." In a nightclub! Swimming costume was de rigueur for the occasion. Escape the October damp for a few hours in a perilously tropical paradise. It sounded like harmless fun. Sue bought a new outfit for the night. The top of the lemon bikini just about covered the nipples of her ample yet firm breasts, clinging to her every detail like a second skin. The bikini's bottom half, held up by a thin piece of string, was little more than a minimal covering for her neatly manicured pussy. From behind, she appeared to be wearing nothing. I thought the outfit was a mite too daring, but she sure wore it well. She retained the all over tan from our summer fortnight in Tenerife and looked every inch the slender, long limbed bronze goddess. What the hell, I decided. If she was going with minimal covering, so would I. I donned the briefest of black swimming trunks, which left little to the imagination and met with the wholehearted approval of Sue.

All clothing, apart from our costumes, was left in the cloakroom on the way into the club. Inside, the spacious hall had been converted into a Lit swiggers' vision of paradise. The floor was buried beneath three feet of soft white sand, out of which sprouted dozens of artificial palm trees. Soft music and the sound of lapping waves accompanied the images of endless blue sea on the giant video screens that covered the walls. By the time we arrived the party was already in full swing. Bodies lay on the sand sipping cocktails, or in the hammocks strung up between pairs of perilously swaying palms. Smiling girls in grass skirts and little else weaved through the crowd, handing out cocktails. I sipped a non-alcoholic concoction, as I drank in the sight of countless luscious females in a similar state of undress to my Sue. It was gratifying to see men turn their heads and gape with open lust at the blonde beauty that walked beside me. Sue's blue eyes were hidden behind a pair of mirrored sunglasses, but her smile and the sway of her hips were enough to cause discomfort in the shorts of those who gazed upon her. At midnight a steel band took to the stage, to beat out exotic rhythms against a backdrop of blue sky. The dancing then commenced in earnest. Earlier, Sue and I had spent a pleasant hour sharing cocktails and chat with a black couple named Joe and Natalie. Joe obviously spent a large part of his time

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heavy muddy boots on his feet. There was no way you could call him handsome, there was a two day growth of stubble on his chin and from his nose and his ears he'd been in a fight or two in his time. His narrow forehead said he wasn't MENSA material but so what, I wasn't after an intellectual conversation rather a Rambo of a man and if that huge bulge at his crotch meant anything then this Kevin was hung like the proverbial stallion. He sank his beer in two gulps, called for a refill and that's when he saw me for the first time and in an instant the air seemed to be charged with electricity. He took a deep breath, the air filling his huge chest, his deep-set eyes narrowed to slits and his massive fists clenched. He never took those eyes from me for all of a minute and I was loving it, fully aware that he was stripping me visually as they dallied over my boobs, moved to my tummy, lingering over my thighs, took in my legs and ankles, then came slowly back up to my breasts again. I was breathing deeply myself, my

and thickset. The landlord put his new pint on the bar and the two of them were talking and still my 'stud' kept staring at me. I made to keep calm but I was fighting a losing battle, my lips were parched and there were tiny quivers of excitement in my breasts and tummy and even my pussy. I had to force back a moan and then our eyes met, the glance held, his eyes narrowed even more and he was slowly moving a huge fist up his thigh till it was at his crotch. He muttered something to the barman and reached out for his beer and looking at me all the time over the top of the glass as he drank deeply. He smacked his thick lips and his hand was moving slowly round and round the great bulge of his crotch. My cheeks were burning, I was running my tongue over my lips, my nipples were tingling and there was wetness between my thighs. Out of the corner of his mouth he said something to the landlord, it sounded like, "Reckon ah've pulled that classy blonde Davy, she's ripe an' ready for pluckin'." And he was coming over to

quavered, "You're not so little." He never missed a trick, "Like em big do yer missus?" He was anything but subtle. I tried again, "Er... yes... I supposed I do." He

"You got a nicer pair than her'n Laura... got yer good points too, eh Laura?" He edged in closer and glanced over to the bar. The landlord must have been in his lounge and Kevin was slipping his great rough and none too clean palm onto my knee, "Got nicer legs ain't yer Laura?" I gasped as

cock and tightened my fingers round it and it throbbed and I was moaning, "Oh Kevin... it's big, oh, it's so big... so thick... ooh... ooh... aagh." Again I cried out for he was sinking a thick finger under my panties and into my cunt and his other hand was pawing over my breasts and

WELL, I Never Did!

Women of the Nyikas of Tanzania find breast fondling and sucking so repugnant that women can use it as grounds for divorce.

Burmese women have been known to use stinging nettles to increase the size and texture of their breasts.

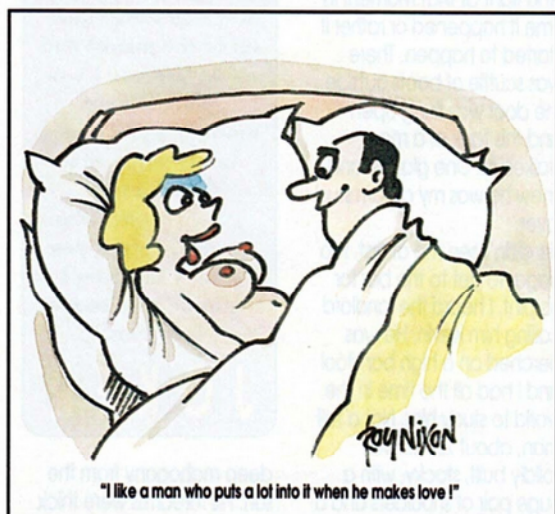
So enthusiastic were Indian men about

squeezing women's bottoms and tweaking their nipples that a law had to be passed in an attempt to prevent it.

The Kushee Hindu sect of ancient times used to practise mutual and self masturbation until exhaustion so that they couldn't have sex with women.

In 1972, Napoleon's penis was offered for auction at Christie's and failed to reach the reserve price.

During the Victorian period, chair and table legs were often covered up lest filthy minded men



"I like a man who puts a lot into it when he makes love!"

nostrils almost flaring, a pulse beat in my throat and there was a blush to my cheeks for I knew he had spotted my nipples. He seemed to hunch himself up, his neck was short

me with his glass in his fist, "Room for a little feller, missus?" as his eyes fell to my wedding ring. His voice was coarse and thick. I forced a laugh and my reply

looked at my ring "Where's the old man then, missus?... slaving away eh... an you out on the batter... bet he doesn't know yer here eh missus?" He was almost leering. I gasped "He's away... on business... and yes... no he doesn't know I'm here." Again the leer, "An ah bet you'll not be telling him either... the name's Kevin, what's your'n?" I told him and we were shaking hands. "You got nice soft hands Laura, nice nails too, ah like girls with long nails, 'specially when they paint 'em red like your'n."

The paper was still open at page three. He glanced at the dolly bird and then at my breasts boldly, his eyes were mere slits when he saw my nipples. I heard him growl,

he moved his hand up my thigh, "No... no Kevin, you mustn't, you..." His voice was a snarl, lust was in me, "What yer mean 'No' when yer want it... when yer hot for it... this is what yer after ain't it... go on Laura... have yerself a feel for free." And he had taken my hand and placed it on his crotch. I gasped out loud and sucked air into my lungs. I could feel his cock and it was huge and thick and rock-hard, like a massive club inside his jeans. Again a glance round the room. "Go on Laura have yerself a rub... bet yer old man doesn't give yer one like this!" he laughed, "they call me hoss-cock round here, go on have a feel." I was moaning and I ran my hand down that

he was growling, "Come on Laura... let's get out of here, I ain't screwed a rich fancy bit like you for ages... and 'yer want a good fuckin... it's all over yer face that yer a cock happy bitch." Under his guidance I took him in my car to a narrow leafy lane a mile out of the village and then through a gate and within minutes I was on my back naked lying on a rug from the car and under a sunny bankside. Over the next three hours or so he fucked me out of my tiny little mind and I wondered just how many women and girls have had his ten inches of 'hoss cock' on that same spot. I can but hope they all had as good a time as me. His lovemaking was rough

Like alcohol? I say, knowing that Johnny is an extraordinary pisshead. The inference is ignored. I wonder about the pure bitterness of his tirade against Sid Vicious. I ask him about Malcolm McLaren's remark which underlined that Lydon and Vicious were 'lovers', although not in the biblical sense, and that their relationship soured only when Nancy appeared on the scene.

At this Lydon goes absolutely apeshit crazy. There is a silence which radiates heat and tension, his eyes are slitted over enormous pupils and a tendon in his neck is as tight as a bowstring.

"Woargh!" he splutters, "where did you read that?"

I tell him it may have been in Jon Savage's England's Dreaming?

"I never saw that," he's in shock almost. "I'll definitely be giving him a ring tonight," he continues, regaining his anger, "no... that's nonsense... no, that's way off... way out there!" He adds: "... But good fun!" Which

"THE ONLY REASON THAT THE UPPER CLASSES HAVE MONEY IS BECAUSE THEY STOLE IT OFF THE POOR. THEN THESE PEOPLE HAVE THE NERVE TO LOOK DOWN THEIR NOSES AT ME - THAT, I FIND OFFENSIVE."

reclaims the situation somewhat.

POLITICS 'N' THE WORKING CLASS 'N' EUROPE 'N' HATE

By the summer of 1976 an apocalyptic mood had settled over Britain. As the historian Stuart Hall states, there was at the time, "The articulation of a fully fledged capitalist recession with extremely high rates of inflation, a toppling currency, a savaging of living standards and a sacrificing of the working class to

Right and Margaret Thatcher who capitalised on this atmosphere and co-opted Libertarian tenets for themselves, subsequently ushering in an institutionalised dark age.

Now that we have almost come full circle, I wonder if Lydon feels a post-Thatcher optimism?



"Ha, ha, ha, ha," he splits his sides, "oh no... I'm afraid that bitch has well and truly knackered this country for decades to come. It'll be a long, hard slog to recover from that."

Do you feel the effects of the recession?

"Well of course I do. You've only got to look at record sales - they're well down," he moans, sounding very much like old man Steptoe.

But before you start to feel too sorry for our John, remember that he is a very wealthy man. In 1986 he received a quarter share of £1 million that had been kept by the receiver after the Pistols' split. He owns a house in London and one in LA, which I've seen - a very nice French town house style abode in Venice Beach. His royalties and PRS returns from several records and videos are massive. He apparently dabbles in the real estate market, while his wife isn't short of a bob or two either. And good luck to him.

His anger has hardly been tempered by success. "Bah," he grimaces, "everybody expected it (the bad times) but no one did much to stop it. I say, get into Europe as quickly as possible, thank you very much."

You're not frightened of being overwhelmed by the French and Germans?

"Not at all. They have a better standard of living, quite frankly."

People are frightened...

"By what!" he exclaims, "'cos things work and the trains run on time?"

Yes, English people like dossing about and going down the boozier.

"Yeah, they do. The scrounger mentality!" he sneers. Which is rich coming from someone who once sang, "I don't work, I just speed! That's all I need."

Lydon makes much of his working class roots. He dismisses punk as an unconsciously evolved utopian movement and puts the emphasis on its working class nature. Was it that important?

"Yes it fucking was," he states, "I'm sick to death of some public schoolboy telling me that the working class didn't do anything, and if it wasn't for them we wouldn't be where we are now - bollocks!"

"I hate, loathe and despise the landed gentry or anything to do with the Royal Family. I find all that a grotesque evil. The only reason that the upper classes have money is because they stole it off the poor, for centuries. Then these people have the nerve to look down their noses at me - that, I find offensive."

"I'm not easily forgiving, ha, ha ha. That's why I want to get into Europe, so all that class stuff doesn't exist any longer. I'd rather be prejudiced against for lack of money than for class anyway. 'Oh, I hate him, he's poor,' - I can deal with that!" To be sure, a working class hero is something to be.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY 'N' PUNK 'N' PIL 'N' HATE

1991, for some reason, turned out to be a punk rock millennium. There was an almost overwhelming abundance of magazine and newspaper articles, television and radio shows and books on the subject. To this list Lydon is currently adding his own contribution. He is, at present, writing his autobiography.

"It's about me, what made me what I am, right up to the demise of the Sex Pistols," he says.

How are you writing your book?

"With great difficulty. It's very hard but I'm just keeping as close to the truth as I can. I just wanna deal with the reality. For far too long now I've been reading other people's fantasies."

"I'm impressed with Miles Davis' autobiography, it's marvellous from start to finish. But I find it a bit hard to take that his memory was so good."

Are you having problems?

"Yeah, there's whole years missing. You've got to ring round friends and pretend you've remembered it all yourself," he laughs.

If he can get it together, Lydon's book will certainly be the 'definitive' version of punk rock, if there can be such a thing. I can envisage a great, sprawling Gonzo style affair cutting hilariously at depth into the death of England's, the

punk rock and, perhaps, his own dream.

Lydon talks about writing the truth, but truth is relative and always behind it stands some intent furthering its own end. But, really, who gives a shit? A verbose

"ON TOP OF EVERY MAN IS A GREAT WOMAN,' HE WINKS."

pomposity and extravagant promise of the false, both of which Lydon can handle with ease, usually mean a whole lot more than the calm wisdom of the true. However, let's hope that Lydon does not write about punk rock in the same way he speaks. Which is almost toneless. The sound of a man who has told his story more times than he can remember and who hopes that one more telling will finally let him rest.

"The whole 'punk' name came after the event, that's just journalists putting a tag on us. All I know is that there was the Sex Pistols and nobody else. It really hasn't changed much, except now there's PIL and nobody else."

"All the rest were wankers. The Clash were the closest and they were just

sloganeering."

'Anarchy in the UK' and 'God Save The Queen' were certainly slogans...

"Hardly," he replies, "they weren't just flippant throwaway lines read out of a Marxist book. They had a point to them and lyrics to follow through." In what way are PIL outstanding?

"Just by being awkward. Quite frankly, it's a very difficult position to take but..."

How are you doing that, I interrupt?

"By not going with the status quo. It doesn't really matter, I'm not going to explain what I do," he utters, somewhat annoyed. "I don't want to. It stands for itself - you either like it or don't, it's as simple as that."

But, does PIL stand for anything beyond the music, in the same way as the Pistols?

"Of course," he replies indignantly, "it's way beyond that. This isn't just a bunch of tunes. Honestly, everything I do is about being an individual, and hopefully that's learnt. You've got to lead onto something else."

Such as...

Without a moment's hesitation Lydon flatly states: "My whole big wonderful me."

I look at him, and consider this phrase which reverberates through seventeen years of punk and post-punk history, with all that entails... and laugh.





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up the pussy of our next door neighbour. He was a shiftworker, I had a 9 to 5 job, one day I went home early with a heavy cold to find them going at it hammer and tongs. I married Julian six months ago, he's one of the top men with the accountancy firm where I work part-time. He was a bachelor and 55 to my 27 and if you want a reason then I thought I would be better off being an old man's darling than a young one's slave. Now I make no claims to being a

have at me like a dog at
broth (sorry but my young
lover's crudities rub off).
Nothing could be further
from the truth and for the
three months I mentioned
I couldn't have been worse
off in a nunnery and
gradually it sunk in I would
have to look elsewhere for
my rations. I had to be
careful and choosy - I
didn't want a second
divorce - I'll be honest - OK
I'm mercenary and say that
Julian has too much stashed
away in the bank for any
slip-ups.
Over the weeks I built up a

physically and top priority, he had to know what his cock was for. In other words someone as far as possible removed from my Julian with his black jacket and grey stripes, his brief case, his rolled-up broily and impeccable manners.

It took me six weeks to find him and when it happened it was unplanned and right out of the wide blue yonder. Late on a Monday afternoon and one of those gloriously hot days we had last month. Julian was attending one of those seminars up in Glasgow and I was driving



nympho but I do like my share of cock and for all of his vices I was getting plenty of that from Jimmy. After a lifetime of celibacy you'd have thought that once wed then Julian would

mental picture of my dream lover. Certainly not one of your toy-boys. He had to be young and tough, a manual worker type, I wasn't bothered about his looks but he had to be a big man

back from a weekend with my sister in Nottingham. Half fiveish, I had a raging thirst and the pubs were just opening. A little way out of Natwich I spotted this gem of a pub in a lovely village

and my MG almost drove itself into the car park. I was the first customer, I ordered a gin with oodles of tonic and ice and settled myself into a cosy little nook, there was a copy of the Sun on the table and I made myself at home with the landlord's words ringing in my ears. 'I'll be in the lounge Miss, just give a shout if you want a refill.'

I had myself a sip and it was lovely, I had another and opened the paper to the Page Three girl. She was about 18 with a lovely firm pair of 38's and legs and thighs and nipples to match. As I say it was a hot day and I was dressed accordingly, my dress was short and loose fitting with a plunging neckline and almost backless, stockinged of course and braless, in fact panties, high heels and the dress and that was it. I took a deep breath, made sure the landlord wasn't about and stuck out my tits to compare them with the Sun girl's. 'Nothing wrong with my pair,' I sniffed, 'every bit as good as hers, just as full, just as firm, and oh hell Laura but you are showing off your nipples too ... well so what ... if you've got em flaunt em ... nothing wrong with your stems either.' I smiled to myself and took another sip of my gin.

And right at that moment in time it happened or rather it started to happen. There was scuffle of boots outside, the door was flung open and this tank of a man stalked in. One glance and I knew he was my dream stud lover.

He didn't see me at first, too eager to get to the bar for his pint. I heard the landlord calling him Kevin. He was

JOKER

A man went into a pub and ordered a triple rum. No sooner had the barman placed the glass on the bar in front of the man and taken the customer's money, when a monkey appeared from nowhere and urinated into the man's drink then disappeared. The customer left his drink and ordered another triple rum. The man paid for it and the barman placed his drink on the bar in front of him, when all of a sudden the same monkey appeared, pissed in the guy's drink and disappeared. This happened a third time, and the customer lost his temper. "Listen barman, you're going to have to sort that bloody monkey out. I'm not sticking this again."

"You'll have to speak to the pianist over there in the corner," said the barman pointing, "it's nothing to do with me." So the angry man goes up to the pianist and says, "Do you know your bloody monkey's just pissed in my triple rum three times?"

"No," replied the pianist, "but if you hum a few bars I might be able to play it by ear."

deep mahogany from the sun. His forearms were thick and hairy, his wrists really big, his upper arms truly massive and bulging with rippling muscles. His legs and thighs were like tree trunks and were tight in a flitty and torn pair of jeans, there were

roTten

TO THE CORE

Johnny Rotten was king of the punks. With his band, the Sex Pistols, he traipsed through the ruins screaming bloody anarchy. Here John Lydon, the well maladjusted man, explains what the hell it was all about. Donny Biggs listens, agog...

"Vile isn't it?" says Johnny Lydon with a sense of glee.

Of course, he's talking about the Arsenal away football shirt that he's wearing. He says this in exactly the same way he would have lauded a disgusting pair of leopard skin brothel creepers back in 1977. Rotten was always a dangerous, if burlesque, figure of fun. He remains so today. His fading blonde hair is spikey and the ensemble is topped off with a pair of green trousers and purple training shoes. If his days as a style 'n' attitude plate for a brave new world are over, then his unconformity and deformity, even, is still a mockery of normality rather than vice versa. Which is part of the reason why his memory is still cherished, to a certain degree.

"The trouble with these interviews," says the Virgin Records press officer, "is that people are in awe. The younger kids are alright, they just say, 'Hi,' and get on with it. But the older ones are always frightened. After all, Johnny is a hero to a whole generation."

Ah, indeed he was, and perhaps still is. As the animated, grinning soul of the Sex Pistols, he will surely never be forgotten. The Pistols, a band created for confrontation and conflict implicitly within their graphics, songs, clothes and attitudes, promoted nothing less than the destruction of all values. They were a heavy-duty composite drawn from the history of youth culture, sexual fetish wear, urban decay and extremist politics. As part of a timeless utopian process they were a voice that denied all social facts and affirmed that everything was possible. If you're gonna have a hero, who better than Johnny Rotten (as he was, of course, then known)?

"Anger is an energy," sang Johnny Lydon a little while later in his new and currently operational band, PiL. Today that very anger has hardly diminished. "Get me a cup of tea, and a bit quicker than last time," he draws at the press officer as if to prove a cheap point. It's his voice that still captivates. His cheekily sardonic sneer with its grossly exaggerated and histrionic quality. It is wide in accent from haughty buffoon to whining camp. Animated and vivid, when recounting his stories the voice slips easily into a wide range of crazy postures, sprouting plummy and pinched vowels, swooping from posh to 'dead common ducky' - there is something dangerous in the unpredictable gusto of his conversation. He spares no one - not even himself - in making a point.

Although right now he's taking it easy. "There's a gang of skinheads between my ears and they're kicking the shit out of me," he moans, crumpled in a corner. Apparently his hangover is of temple-pounding proportions. The previous night, he had gone to a family do where "a few brandies" were sunk. His brother Bobby sits across from him. An old but vivid scar marks his cheek, zig-zagging crazily from mouth to ear. I don't dare ask him how he got it. After all, that would be rude. Bobby opens his mouth only occasionally, to chuckle at one of his sibling's



remarks. "Oh, give him some CD's," whines Johnny at the harassed press officer who fends him off as a mother would a child - she has the situation well under control.

SEX 'N' PORN 'N' CENSORSHIP 'N' LUV

We begin by talking about the new PiL album which is called 'That What Is Not'. An awkward title which I assumed was a riddle for its own sake. But not so. "Well, it's a kind of sexual thing. The album cover is rude, but it's not... it is implied. This is the third attempt at a sleeve, the other two were outrightly dismissed by my record company," he utters in a flat, resigned tone. "They didn't like my use of bums and arses and tits and etceteras. I had them tastefully arranged into what I affectionately term 'meat towers,'" he grins. Certainly, the question of art and obscenity within rock 'n' roll is not a new one. Jello Biafra with his clever and unfortunate use of HR Giger's satire on eroticism, the simply unfortunate NWA album and the Sex Pistols' own legal victory over the word "bollocks" are obvious examples. But what on earth can have prompted Lydon to embark on the thorny road of controversy once more? Strike a light if it isn't the current and constantly topical debate over censorship.

"I'm sick to death of it (censorship). I think it's the death of a society, particularly from an American point of view, which will eventually, of course, rear its ugly head here. Whether we like it or not, we're two stages behind in all that," he says. The first song on the LP is called 'Acid Drops', and it deals directly with the tissue. Lydon insists upon drumming out the lyrics, reciting them as though preaching a sermon: "Who censors the censor?/ Can I do it myself?/ Make up my own mind/Like anyone else."

I ask him if he has come across much pornographic material? "Yeah, usually in friends' toilets... I don't take them myself," he says in his dead posh persona. Do you find it offensive at all? "Of course not! How? They don't go far enough!!! Knave is practically Church Ladies' Weekly, isn't it?" he utters. Hmm, yes, very nearly (pass the tea, vicar), but that's to do with obscenity laws and distributors' guidelines.

"Well, y' see, there ya go. What on earth can be obscene about what goes on between two consenting adults. As long as it's not dismembering each other. Although some of the shots I've seen recently come damn close to it!" he laughs. There's the question of the objectification and degradation of women. "Well, no, I'm sorry, I approach it from a different point of view. I see the men as being degraded by these beastly, vicious, Nazi bitches," he sniggers, "ooh, they're cruel, especially the ones with the whips." Well, what do you expect from a man who fronted a group called the Sex Pistols? Prudery? After all they were a group who used macabre sexual outrageousness to infuriate the establishment. A band whose roots lay in Malcolm McLaren's Sex boutique. Yet, strangely they constructed an ethos which both used and abhorred 60's Libertarianism: despite the use of fetish clothes featuring snippets of Alex Trocchi's lesbian novels, or T-shirts flaunting a pair of breasts, the strongest factor in their songs was of sexual loathing. Rotten has said elsewhere that the strongest feeling he got off the band's ambience

"KNAVE IS PRACTICALLY CHURCH LADIES' WEEKLY, ISN'T IT?" HE UTTERS.

was of guilt. Two early quotes illustrate the confusion. In the first, he describes sex as, "Yawn, just another squelch session." The other is far more entertaining: "I used to hang around with prostitutes, who I think are the most honest people on this earth. It was a very pure time then towards sex. People took it as it comes. One of Chrissie Hynde's jobs was to write letters for Forum, and I wrote a few with her. Used to sit there making up this utter gunk and then buy it the next month, thinking, 'People



are masturbating to this nonsense!" It didn't matter what your sex was then. It was very good, very open."

Now, Lydon looks at me and says, "I'm a happily married man, thank you very

much." Johnny lives in wedded bliss with a certain Nora who he's been stepping out with since the heady days of 1976. She is an old girlfriend of Jimi Hendrix and, reportedly, the heiress to a humongous industrial fortune. So, behind every man is a great woman? "No, on top of every man is a great woman," he winks. Rotten and his spouse spend time looking after Nora's daughter's (Ari Up, late of the Slits) kids. How about some of their own? Do we hear the goose stepping of tiny feet?

"Definitely not," he cries in alarm, "we're both too childish. And too selfish. Once you get kids, that's it, you've got to settle down, because it's their lives that count from then on. And I can't be having that - that would be serious competition!"

But it's a traditional marriage all the same?

"There's nothing traditional about me!" he says with finality. A motto to be engraved upon his tomb.

SID 'N' JOHNNY 'N' DRUGS 'N' LUV

'That What Is Not' is probably the most musically coherent PiL LP since 'Album'. For a start there is a marked and welcome lack of the ubiquitous and dreaded dance beat. "I wanted a live rock band, thank you very much," he says. Lydon hates rave culture, "It's mindless bollocks. Opium for the masses. I hate raves. It's just like going to someone's annoying party where there's only four cans of light ale in the corner. And that horrible thumpy beat, it's dreadful, it's all too fast." The only group Lydon has any time for at the moment are Nirvana. The feistiest number on the record is the second track: 'Luck's Up'.

"That's about Sid. And that's what happens to you when you become a junky," he sneers.

Sid Vicious, of course, died in 1978 from a heroin overdose after probably stabbing his girlfriend Nancy Spungen to death. He was, as stated in The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle, "A natural terrorist." You think it was bad luck? "Your luck's up. You're fucked up. Un-fucking-lucky-you. Well boo boo. And good riddance to bad rubbish. I've got no time for junkies and drug addicts. I see all that as an insipid laziness," Lydon hammers out his vitriol. Or fulfilling a myth or ritual? Live fast, die young...

"No, I just think it's some kind of self pity thing really. I know there's supposed to be all this glamour about drugs, but all the drug heads that I've ever met have been running away from themselves and they're too stupid to do anything about it. If it wasn't drugs it'd be something else."



TRIGGERNOMETRY

The Wild West was a dangerous place for a man with a reputation. Everybody wanted to be the next great gunfighter, the man who shot Hickok or Billy The Kid. But for the men with the names, gunslinging was more than just making a rep for themselves, it was a way of life. ALEX KERNAGHAN took the last stage to Dodge City to call out the great American gunfighters...

The Golden Age of the American gunfighter lasted just 35 years – from the end of the Civil War to about 1900. Yet those 35 years have been burned into the pages of history by the exaggerations of early hack writers from the East, right through to the embellished adventures we've

WILD BILL HICKOK



all enjoyed at the cinema and on TV since Hollywood learned to turn a fast buck.

As kids, most of us have fancied ourselves as Wyatt Earp or Bronco Lane, or the Lone Ranger or Butch 'n' Sundance, depending on the popularity of the moment. We've wandered along those dusty trails and across those broad prairies, slappin' our rumps as imaginary horses broke into a gallop, and totin' a hot six-gun that never seemed to require the banality of reloading. While plugging 'injuns' and bad guys our juvenile notions were no doubt a long way short of reality – but in the 'glorious' annals of the American West, reality was something that often took a backseat to popular mythology. There were a few characters, however, who

the West!

Hickok was born on a small farm in Northern Illinois on May 27, 1837; the fourth of seven children born to Presbyterian deacon William Alonzo Hickok and his wife Polly Butler. His home was a big frame house built on the prairie, and there he spent a pretty typical boyhood exploring the grasslands and playing along the dry creek beds.

He was well educated by contemporary standards, able to read and write fluently (his favourite reading was *The Trapper's Guide* and *The Life of Kit Carson*), but his fascination for firearms far outstripped any thirst for literary knowledge. Young Jim's first gun was an old flintlock pistol he used to hunt birds and small game. By the age of twelve his fascination for guns had become an obsession. By trapping and trading furs he acquired a good rifle and a Colt revolver, and at fourteen was able to beat the finest crack shots in Northern Illinois.

In 1852 Hickok's father died, and to help support his family Jim hunted wolves for bounty and drove wagon teams for local

were larger than life – and they didn't come much larger, more glamorous or more controversial than James Butler 'Wild Bill' Hickok – 'the fastest gun in

merchants. Three years later, as a teamster driving mules for the Michigan Canal Co., he got into a brawl with a mean, bullying worker, Charles Hudson. During the dogfight, Hickok unceremoniously dumped the bigger man into the canal. Unfortunately the roughneck declined to resurface.

"Charlie Hudson's a deader!" shouted one of the onlooking teamsters, while a few hardier souls jumped in to find him. Panic filled Hickok. Murder hadn't been on the agenda that bright summer's morning. He fled, heading West where a man could lose himself, and didn't stop till he reached the Mississippi four days later.

In fact there was no pursuit. Hudson had been dragged from the water bedraggled, battered and weak – but alive – a few minutes after Hickok took off.

Still believing he was a fugitive from justice, Hickok worked his passage on a steamboat to Leavenworth, Kansas and laboured there for some months as a farmhand. Until this, his eighteenth year, Jim Hickok had shown no particular predilection towards violence. He was considered a soft-spoken, rather solitary figure, "hard to get acquainted with," and the Hudson episode hardly earmarked him as a man about to embark on a life of notoriety.

But 1855 was a time of struggle and bloody strife along the Kansas-Missouri border. When young Hickok arrived, the two counties were hell-bent on tearing each other apart in the acrimonious feud between pro-slavery factions and the Abolitionists. It was a brew that would inexorably lead to full-blown Civil War.

Hickok's Presbyterian upbringing placed him squarely on the side of Abolition. Perhaps he was motivated by nothing more than a sense of injustice (his father had often aided escaping slaves when Hickok was a boy); but whatever the motive, Jim joined the Free-State Militia (later known as the 'Red Legs') under the command of General James Lane. It was while riding with Lane that Hickok experienced his first taste of real gunplay – of shooting and being shot at – and this new exhilaration was to infuse his blood for the rest of his life. Contrary to the claims of some, however, there's nothing on record to indicate that Hickok murdered,



tortuous Santa Fe trail. One late afternoon, at a section known as Raton Pass, Hickok disturbed a big female grizzly. His horse reared, throwing him to the ground, and he found himself fighting the enraged bear toe to toe. Despite being seriously mauled he managed to disembowel the grizzly with his Bowie knife – no mean feat – and was later found by his companions more dead than alive.

Early the following year, while still convalescing, his employers sent him to a small station on the Oregon Trail for lighter duties. It was as stock-tender

maimed or wounded anyone during General Lane's often ineffectual campaigns.

When the border quietened down, Hickok turned to driving stage between Independence, Missouri and Santa Fe, New Mexico and it was during one of his stays at Santa Fe that he met and became friends with his boyhood hero, the famous frontiersman, Kit Carson.

In autumn 1860, Hickok was hired by the Overland Stage Company as wagon master to the freight-wagon trains that wound the

at Rock Creek relay station that the legend of Wild Bill Hickok was born. Paradoxically, it was an inglorious birth.

The station had been bought by Overland from David McCanles – an aggressive bullneck noted for his quick tongue and short temper – in May 1861. McCanles took an instant dislike to the new 'standoffish' stock-tender, nicknaming him "Duck Bill" because of Hickok's protruding upper lip (which he later concealed beneath long moustaches); and made a point of mocking

35

more and more. Kevin's flat, hard belly smacked onto my buttocks and his huge balls slapped my thighs each time his iron hard root pistoned into my wetness, again, again, again. My breasts were swinging clear of the rug and once more I went over the top as his hands and fingers found them, lifting, rolling, fondling my boobs and the nipples aching in hardness. I was making all manner of noises, whimpers, yelps. I was flooding from my own wetness, and still he slammed in and out. I came again, I came a second time, quickly, one after the

other.

And then it was all over. Kevin's pace got even quicker, his thrusts got faster, he was in the very core of me, he was ramming me clear of the rug and then he was arching over me with the fingers of one hand digging into my belly and the other into my tits. Then we were contorting, convulsing and coming together and he was pumping, jetting spasm upon spasm of spunk up into me. I was awash with his seed and then he was still and I was in his arms and sobbing. "Kevin, Kevin, lovely, never like that, thank you... oh thank you, darling." - L., London.

Black Apollo

I stretched myself luxuriously on top of the hotel bed gloating to the full in that wonderful feeling of sexual satisfaction such as I'd never experienced before. All of me from head to toe was suffused in this languorous sensation, a sort of dreamy inertia, like the cat who'd had too much cream, almost a smugness. I could hear my lover singing to himself in the shower, he appeared to be as happy and contented as I was myself. We'd only known each other for twelve hours and it had been as blatant a 'pick-up' as you could ever

imagine. 'Glynis' I mused to myself 'you are a very naughty woman... a very naughty married woman in fact'. My heart went pit-a-pat at the enormity of what I had done since my husband had boarded his plane at Manchester airport - that had been seven the previous evening - David would just be arriving at Los Angeles and on our first night apart in ten years or marriage I had spent it lying in another man's arms. And did it make it an even larger sin that my lover was a coloured man? Rather than drive straight home here to Rhyl after my husband's flight had departed I had decided on the spur of the moment to book into an hotel not a hundred miles from the airport. I'd even had to buy

myself a toothbrush. I had had a lovely dinner in the restaurant and afterwards strolled through to one of the hotel's lounges. It was rather quiet, a dozen people perhaps, and on my second G and T, I spotted Ryan. Like myself he was on his own and for maybe half an hour we played 'eyes' with lots of glances and lookings away and wry smiles and toying with our glasses. It was he who made the contact and in no uncertain manner either. I watched him walk over to the bar, he was speaking to the barman and a minute later he was coming across to my table with two drinks in his hands, a whisky for himself and with a lovely smile he was saying, "Your G'n T Ma'am - Hi I'm Ryan." And that was it - just as simple as that.

He was American (of course), single, 25, had just arrived for a week's business in and around Manchester and on his first visit to England. He was lonely and after his initial brashness

cock was enormous, half as long again as my David's and twice as thick. Ryan was to fuck me four times before we drifted off to sleep, even on our honeymoon David had never mounted me



almost humbly enquired, "Do you mind me bringing the drinks over." We got on like a house of fire. I found him terribly attractive - you know it is shocking to admit but within half an hour I knew I wanted to fuck with him. He was my black Apollo, extremely handsome - that smile with those gorgeous white teeth had 'bedroom' written all over them - his hair was thick and crinkly, a big man - just over six feet and around fifteen stone, and all of it bone and muscle.

In no time at all we were holding hands, we laughed and joked, it was so natural he should place his hand on my knee. I remember thinking it was the size of a dinner plate, he rubbed his palm a few inches up my inner thigh. I parted them and his fingers played a tune. I sighed and he whispered, "What is it Glynis?" I pressed my head onto his shoulder and my lips to his ear, "I'm happy Ryan... very, very happy." He was standing up and reaching for my hand and we strolled across to the lift and as the doors closed behind us I seemed to melt almost into his arms, my hands were in his hair and I was pulling his face down and we were kissing. Twenty minutes later and we were lovers. I lay on that bed and came out from my reverie. He was a wonderful lover and his

more than two times in a night. Orgasms - I'd had them seemingly endlessly with a fresh one beginning as the previous had ended and some had been so intense as to be frightening. Even now I could feel some of Ryan's sperm moving in my tummy and there were traces of his 'come' and my

PUN-ILINGUS

Silk stalking:
Trying to get your hands on some lingerie.

Sous chef:
The place to look for an over-sexed waitress, if she isn't under the maitre d'.

Spot of bother:
A tattoo with the name of a former fiancée.

Symbolic gesture:
Tilting a loveseat to an angle of 69°.

Teasers:
Why men with stonkers sometimes go bonkers.

own juices everywhere, on my inner thighs and lower belly, some around my buttocks when he'd screwed me doggy style, and even on my breasts when he had laid over me and as I pressed my boobs together he had ridden that huge black cock between them. I heard him call my name from the shower, "You

awake yet honey?" I came down from my cloud and answered him, "Ah, sure am darling, awake, happy an' jus' waitin' for my big, black lover man." I heard his laugh, "Hell Glynis baby what kinda Yankee accent is that meant to be? Ah got myself something here white lady, ah sure hope you're goin' to appreciate."

A moment later and he was out from the shower and looking down at me. Stark naked of course, I could but gasp in awe and wonder for he was sporting a most impressive, most magnificent erection with its huge knobhead fully peeled. It throbbed with its potency and was hard up against his black belly the way a young man's hard on should be. Nine and a half inches of ebony black cock and swaying below a pair of balls each the size of a lemon between his trunk-like thighs.

I murmured his name and reached out for his cock and pulled him down beside me. I slid into his arms and he began to make love to me starting by kissing my mouth and working his tongue over my lips as he pressed his body against mine. He kissed my eyes and ears and when he lowered his face to my breasts I started to go ga-ga. He kissed all round my boobs, licking, sucking and pulling my nipples with his lips until I felt faint. Then he was holding my tits together till he was able to have both nipples in his mouth at the same time. I just went wild. He was just starting though. There was more to me than my breasts and turning me over onto my tummy Ryan ran his tongue lightly all the way down my spin. Then taking his cock in one fist rubbed me where his lips had just been. I was mewling now, I was so sensual and lustful. Ryan got onto his

The Editor's Arse



We get heaps of congratulatory letters, but some of them are just too kind. Take this guy, for instance, he only seems to have Knave up to the end of last year! Don't worry, readers, we're sending him the latest copy to keep him happy! Mind you, you would have thought that with all the rumpy-pumpy titles on offer in Sweden, he would have found something else more exiting than Knave...but oh, no...

"First let me thank you for the most exciting and sophisticated magazine in the world. My all-time favourite behind belongs to Tina in Volume 23 No. 8. The picture on page 32 where she is leaning forward is the most sexy thing I've ever seen. She looks so Goddamned horny, I just melt when I look at her. She's just too good to be true! If you send me her knickers, I would like them washed, please, and keep it discreet, please. One more thing, show more of her. She's a knock-out!" - T. KARLSSON, SWEDEN.

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HOT & BOTHERED

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4. SEXY LEGS 11%
5. LONG LEGS 6%
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BONNIE SHELL - While you're at work your wife does blue films. Let me tell you what a slut she is. **0898 442 328**
GLASS COFFEE TABLE - I've taken them off and I've nowhere to sit - except there. **0898 442 378**

JANIE & NORMA - Seventies sex scandal girls back on the kinky sex circuit. **0898 442 372**

SUCKING GIRLS
0898 442 955
SEX SUCKING OVER
THE PHONE **0898 100 405**

SEX CONTACTS
JULIE (19) Into the wet scene, would like to contact men or women for mutual pleasure. **0898 442 921**
CATHY (22) Just moved to N.E. Likes dressing in minis and stockings. Wants to meet men weekly only. **0898 442 964**
LISA (22) AC/DC London area. Wants to have fun and games with others. Discretion assured. **0898 442 938**

NORMA (22) Blonde bombshell, likes playing with sex toys. Needs men to relieve afternoon boredom. **0898 442 990**

TWO GIRLS (18 & 22) Into sex in a big way. Want to meet men any age for adult romps. **0898 442 937**
SALLY (40). Big and buxom married, let me teach you all I know. Husband approves. **0898 442 918**

BETTY (21) Gets her kicks out of talking really dirty. The phone's by the bed, so call me now. **0898 442 924**

HOUSEWIVES (London area) want to meet other women for discrete afternoons of pleasure. **0898 442 978**

I'LL COME QUIETLY - If your mate pins in and stops my groaning the naughty way. **0898 442 379**

GIRLS AVAILABLE NOW
Call now and one of our sexy girls will talk to you
0898 362 504
STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

SEX TALK FOR BOOB FETISH. CONFIDENTIAL LINE
0898 442 892

NAZI BITCH with a thing about black uniforms, black stockings and thigh boots up to here. **0898 442 377**

BLACK FISHNETS - Light a cigarette and come and kneel at my dressing table. **0898 442 375**

STRAPODOCTORY - Hear buldyke Sister Stern boss those student nurses about. **0898 442 410**

SEX CONTACTS
GINA (26). Very experienced and will do anything to satisfy. Wants to meet rough men for the ultimate. **0898 442 984**
JUDY (19). Into leather and chains. Are there any men out there to act out my fantasies with. **0898 442 985**
LESLIE (Wills). Very randy and very ready. Will meet in any hotel for adult games. Single or couples. **0898 442 168**
LINDA (20). Has dungeon kitted out for your pleasure. No fees. Available Mon-Fri. **0898 442 928**
JANE (19). Will travel anywhere to meet men for mutual pleasure. Must be straight and discrete. **0898 442 951**
NINA (21). Into blue films and sexy underwear. Let's get together for adult action. **0898 442 902**
TRINA (32). Single and available. I'll be your naughty nympho. Ring me to arrange a meeting. **0898 442 969**

SCRATCHING WILDCAT - Once you've got it where you want it I'll make you suffer for your pleasure. **0898 442 380**

CALL MEN DIRTY TALK
BRIAN LIKES TO TAKE CONTROL **0898 442 939**
JEREMY WILL TAKE A FIRM GRIP **0898 442 956**
JOHN IS INTO ORAL RELIEF **0898 362 507**
EDWARD DRESSES IN UNIFORM **0898 100 420**
NICK WILL SUBMIT TO YOU **0898 442 989**
Programmed to interact into immediate Sex Talk.

TALK TO HORNY GIRLS
NO CREDIT CARDS
TINA (18) PETITE BLONDE **0898 362 502**
LISA (22) FIRM & BUTCH **0898 442 927**
SUE (21) LOVES SEX TOYS **0898 442 991**
ANN (25) VERY KINKY **0898 362 501**
FETISH LINE: **0898 442 985**

CONTACTS FOR MEN & WOMEN
Our AC/DC girls will do it with Men & Women or Couples, for pleasure only.

SCOTLAND **0898 442 860**
N. ENGLAND **0898 100 448**
WALES **0898 362 505**
MIDLANDS **0898 442 881**
SOUTH WEST **0898 382 508**
SOUTH EAST **0898 100 418**
LONDON **0898 442 845**

SLOANE SLUT - Toffee-nosed bitch takes it up the - with the chauffeur to spite her husband. **0898 442 430**
LIL SUCCUMB - Those two words that say it all about my perverted desires. **0898 442 427**
BANGKOK HOLIDAY - I watched my husband make a pig of himself - and I never stopped rubbing. **0898 442 426**

CONTACTS
for over 21's only
TV's, HETRO, AC/DC's
0898 442 982
TALK LINE **0898 442 913**

CLIMAX LINES
AMSTERDAM CHEAP FIGHTS - Hear how Dutch Beryl's brothel girls have taken a shine to hardcore movie making. **0898 442 374**
HEY BIG BOY! Bring that buzzing brute of a thing over here and tickle my sister's fancy. **0898 442 383**
STEAMY WINDOWS. Lover's Lane girl gets her kicks doing oral in the back of her GTI - in front of an audience. **0898 442 518**
BEING VIDEOTAPE - while I'm doing disgusting things with my friends makes me naughty and naughty. **0898 442 523**
FETISHIST? So am I, the heavier the better. Let's lock ourselves in the bathroom and explore. **0898 442 514**

SEX CONTACTS
JUST DIAL INTO THE NATIONAL SEX DATING COMPUTER AND THE COMPUTER WILL FIND YOU A SEX CONTACT IN YOUR AREA WITHOUT YOU EVEN HAVING TO GIVE YOUR NAME. IF YOU WANT TO FOLLOW IT UP AFTER, IT'S UP TO YOU - NO FEES - STRICTLY SEX PLEASURE ONLY

JUST DIAL 0898 362 520
THEN JUST ACCESS THE GO CODE FOR THE SORT OF SEX CONTACT YOU WANT

GUYS
INTO TV BOSSY (GO CODE A)
STRAIGHT SEX (GO CODE B)
BI SEXUAL (GO CODE C)
SEX (GO CODE D)

GIRLS
INTO MEN ONLY (straight sex) (GO CODE E)
FEMALE AC/DC (GO CODE F)
BOSSY/ECCENTRIC (GO CODE G)
FEMALE SEX (GO CODE H)

COUPLES
INTO OTHER COUPLES (GO CODE I)
AC/DC MALE (GO CODE J)
AC/DC FEMALE (GO CODE K)
SWAPPING (GO CODE L)
SWINGING (GO CODE M)

MALES INTO-
STRAIGHT SEX (GO CODE O)
YOUNGER WOMEN (GO CODE P)
OLDER WOMEN (GO CODE Q)
AC/DC GUYS (GO CODE R)
AC/DC FEMALE (GO CODE S)

SEX ACTION
RUBBER MAC - So short, so shiny, so tight. And when I bend down nice and slow you'll get down on your knees and beg for it. **0898 442 373**
COME INSIDE - It's wet and you need somewhere snug and warm to shelter. **0898 442 381**
EATING OUT - Listen to me describe the succulent delights on offer in my swanky new restaurant. **0898 442 526**
FOR YOUR PLEASURE - Young and mature women are waiting for you to call. No Fees. Contact them on: **0898 442 942**

USED PANTIES
I will tell you about my used panties. You can buy them if you like.
0898 442 952
0898 442 962 (recording)

KING'S CROSS - My first night in London and I drew Mr Big - and his nasty brother. **0898 442 528**
SHEPHERD'S MARKET - He adored my short red PVC mask and made me keep it on. We lustured for each other. **0898 442 581**
FANNY FULLER. It takes lots and lots to keep me satisfied. Give me a call if you've got some bright ideas. **0898 442 529**

HUMAN PINCUSHION is what they called me at the Color Climax studios. Let me tell you why. **0898 442 620**
ULTIMATE TEASER - I'll bend down and touch my toes then my flatmate Jayne will slowly spread me. **0898 442 648**
LOOK UP MY SKIRT while you lie on the floor and I'll get so excited, I won't be able to contain myself. **0898 442 624**
MY FRIEND FIONA gets all the action but sometimes she lets me join in. **0898 442 647**
STRAPPING LASS seeks willing females for Danish porn videos. Must take ten. **0898 442 623**
FACIAL THERAPY - Debbie's got a perfect bottom but nowhere to sit. Can you oblige? **0898 442 621**

ADMINISTRATION NUMBER
081-871-2181
24 HR INTERACTION NUMBER

QUOTE YOUR REFERENCE NUMBER WHEN YOU CALL
ALL LIVE LINE NUMBERS ARE INTERACTIVE FOR REFERENCE NUMBER PURPOSES.

TELEPHONE PO BOX 654, BATH BA1 2WR CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE AND 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.

SEX CONTACTS

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down his massive, hairy thighs to his feet. The cock that was in his fist was truly a monster of a weapon that rose so impressively from the thick hair of his belly and groin. It was as hard as iron with the huge knob an angry, purple-red. I gulped and gasped for it was way beyond the wildest of my fantasies. "Like what yer see Laura?" he was asking with arrogance in his voice, "this what yer wanting... big enough for yer is it?" Rubbing his

fist up and down its throbbing length, he said, "Go on rich lady... have a feel... have a rub, have a stroke on" ah! I'll have a suck on yer tits and yer pussy." And my two hands were round, it was wrist thick and my fingers wouldn't meet round it - it was throbbing and the veins stood out on it. And oh but the size of his balls, hanging full,

heavy, pendulous down his thighs. From the start, I realised he could read me like an open book. Just before our first fuck he ran a finger up and down my oozing wet slit. He took the finger out of me and looked at my juices that were clinging to it. "Been a long time since yer got fucked ain't it Laura. Does he never screw yer at all?" I shook my head and he muttered, "Bloody fool." He was down beside me on the rug and I rubbed and stroked his cock and fondled



Wet Dreams
Florida's Department of Natural Resources recommended banning tourist attractions where customers pay to get into the water with captive dolphins. It cited reports of adult male dolphins becoming sexually aroused and making sexual overtures to humans, including physical aggression and other mating ritual. In one

incident, a legal secretary from Miami said that soon after she entered the water, she noticed one seven-hundred-pound dolphin rubbing against her in an unmistakably amorous way. She recalled, "He liked me a lot."

NUDES OF THE WORLD
Sixty members of the Corsican National Liberation Front invaded a nudist camp near Bastia, holding about fifty holidaying nudists at gunpoint as they blew up sixty beach buns.

BLOOPER CORNER
Mrs and Mrs Charles L. Thompson and Mr and Mrs Russell Hartwick of Tampa will entertain at open house on Sunday, from three until tight. (Clearwater, Florida, Sun)

those balls as he rammed his finger back up my cunt. Lowering his face to my breasts, he sucked my nipples deep into his mouth till he had them engorged and large as walnuts. The stubble on his chin was like emery paper on my soft flesh but by now I was beyond all caring, all I wanted was to be fucked, fucked by the "hoss-cock" that jerked in my hands. He kissed me from my boobs to my pussy and then his face was there and once more my lust took over as he began to lap on my cunt, kissing my narrow slit and then sucking my wet and swollen clitty between his teeth. He put his hand on my head and I knew what I had to do. He pulled me down. I could feel the work-hardened callouses on his palm rubbing the nape of my neck and then my lips were at the great knob of his cock. My eyes were glazed with my want as holding him in my two hands I kissed his shaft from tip to balls and back up again, leaving traces of my lipstick all over him. I ran the tip of my tongue into his single 'eye' and his own tongue was deep into my pussy, his thick fingers had my nipples raw. I was so close to an orgasm as I opened my mouth wide lowered my glossy lips over his cock. I stretched and I had the knob in but the moment he gave a push I was gagging and in a panic of the size and thickness. I started to moan non-stop, there was a taste of him on my tongue. I was bucking on his tongue and pushing my tits into his hands and I was fast losing control. That is when we fucked. For a big man, he was very agile. I felt his muscular body slip from under me, he had twisted me over and he was covering me from the rear pushing my head down onto the rug and pulling up my knees, spreading them all at the same time. I felt the heavy, throbbing head of his cock brush between my buttocks and then Kevin's lust swollen prick had pushed up, sort of lodged solidly between the wet, puffed up



lips of my cunt, a huge hand grasped my hip and I was screaming as he slid up into me. It was a rough thrust, but I was into orgasm and the fire was in me. I was full of his long, thick cock. I was on another planet now, it got better and better, I was doing my bit also, pushing my bum up and then lowering again as he rammed me. Then he withdrew, rammed, pulled out till our timing was perfect and I gasped, sighed, cried out my pleasure. It was all basics now and I stuck my bum up higher and dropped my head with one cheek flat on the rug as he pounded his ten inches in and out of me. I wanted more and more of that cock, and I got

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knees and began to kiss my buttocks, soft gentle kisses and stopping only to rub his tongue up and down my slit. He slurped on my juices, smacking his lips loudly. I wanted more. I got more.

PUN-ILINGUS

Undipped headlights:
Hooters supported by an uplift bra.

Vibe purr:
The sound of an artificial trouser snake.

Virgin territory:
Uncharted waist.

Wouldn't hurt a fly:
A gentle lover who's careful not to tear the trousers she gets into.

First he rolled me over onto my back once more and I felt his fingers between my thighs and he was brushing my pussy hair and my mound softly just sufficient to drive me crazy. I thought I was going mad and he was moving my legs apart and lifting my bum from the bed and he was tonguing my cunt. I had my eyes tight shut, "Lick me Ryan... lick me, suck me," I whispered. His face was between my thighs and his lips and

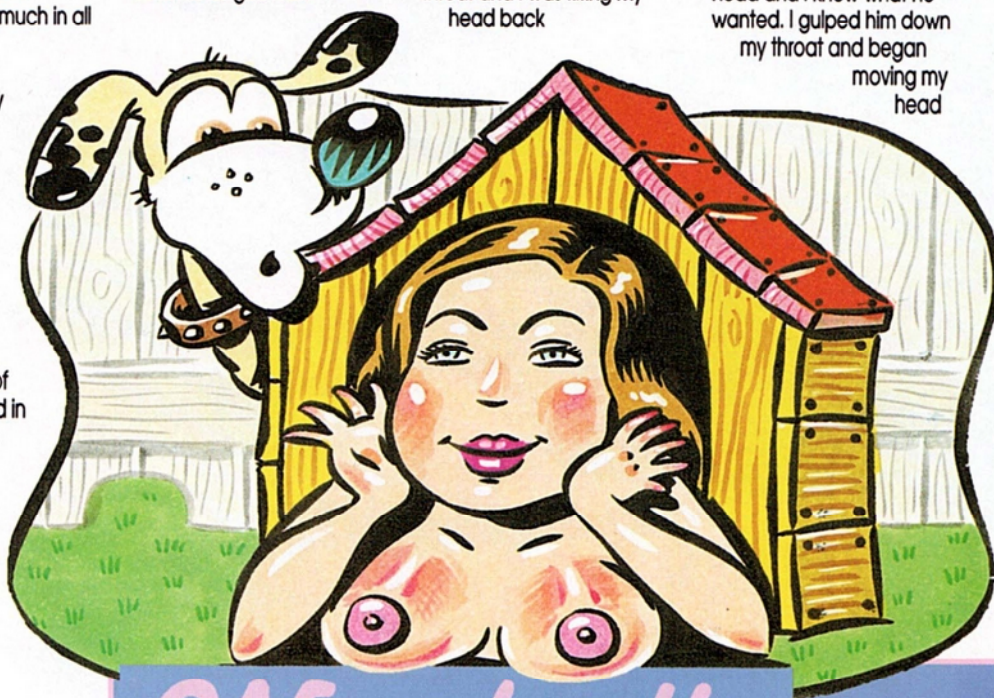
tongue were probing, probing, softly, slowly, gently, like a bee gathering nectar. As he pleased me I could feel my pussy getting wider and wetter, my clitty was swollen and I had his head in my hands pushing his face deeper into my bush and I began to pump and grind myself onto his mouth and nose. I was getting very hot, very excited, I'd never wanted a man so much in all of my life. I was begging to be fucked, I lay on my back and as I flung my legs into the air my orgasm swept through me. I knew I was gushing from my cunt and as he raised his face there was the proof for he was covered in a milky white froth. My climax was incredible as wave upon wave tore through my body and I was shaking in my passion. I felt another spurt of my love juices, then another and yet another. I

knew it was the greatest orgasm of my life. I was exhausted for what seemed an age afterwards and my wonderful lover just cradled me in his arms, soothing and stroking me till slowly, slowly I came

back from wherever I had been. When I did, I realised I was still holding onto his cock. Now I knew it was my turn. I got him to sit on the side of the bed then I went onto my knees between his thighs. His cock was like a black bar of iron, with one hand I pulled it down from his belly slowly running my hand up and down its length. I ran

my warm tongue over his balls and he was purring like a kitten. For a moment I allowed him to relax then I opened my mouth wide and took him very slowly an inch at a time between my lips. I'd sucked on David's prick many times but this was another cock altogether and Ryan's girth was mindblowing. I was in no hurry, the knob was the worst, but I made it and it was wonderful to feel that black tool slide over my tongue nudge the top of my throat and I was tilting my head back

and wonder of wonders it was slipping down. I had this smug sort of chuffed feeling. 9 and a half inches and I was sucking it all. The rest was easy. I eased him out and flicked the tip of my tongue over his little 'eye'. I sucked him down and pulled out a second time. Again I teased his 'eye'. He went crazy, "Oh baby... oh Glynis... that's beautiful... oh, honey." I tongued the little slit a third time and he jerked against me. I felt his hands on my head and I knew what he wanted. I gulped him down my throat and began moving my head



Weirdsville

judge in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, Richard Hopewell, 53, admitted to a

1978 incident in which he appeared nude in a local drug store but claimed that he was under the influence of the drug PCP at the time, admitted by "a secret agent of a political adversary."

NUDES OF THE WORLD

Campaigning for political office Ben Masel of Illinois appeared nude on a poster with the slogan 'Nothing to Hide.'

Virginia judge G. Blair Harry dismissed an indecent exposure charge against Robert V. Gallup, 37, after an anonymous caller complained that he was riding his lawn mower in the nude. "It is not

something I certainly advocate," said the judge. "But who am I to judge how a person is to cut his grass?"

SITUATIONS VACANT

WANTED: COLLEGE-TYPE GIRL TO LEARN KENNEL WORK; FEEDING, HANDLING, GROOMING, STRIPPING; SMALL PRIVATE KENNEL; LIVE IN. (NEW YORK TIMES)

Gallup had been charged two years earlier with washing his car in the nude.

During his campaign for office as a circuit court

Gaslight Records of Melbourne, Australia, holds an annual 'Nude Day' during which each nude customer gets a free record. Seventy records were given away



FW. M.O. Division, 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN

A large, vibrant pink photograph of a woman lying down, topless, with her arms raised behind her head. She is wearing a light pink, ruffled skirt or shorts and black stockings. The background is a solid, bright pink.

'SEX SERVICES ON THE PHONE' Call on 0898 884 900 Calls charged at 20p a minute incl. v.a.t. 40p a minute at all other times.	LEBBIANS talk horny to each other. Call on 0898 884 070	YES, ALL 8 FOR JUST £37.50
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CALLERS WELCOME: Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri, 8pm) Prices or offers shown are for Mail Order and callers who present this advertisement prior to purchase.

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Stn) 14 Bourne Rd., Bexley Village Bexley, T1539 London Rd., Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill Wandsworth SW18 **BARNISLEY**, *3 Doncaster Rd., Bath 26 Victoria Bridge, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN**, *17 Darwin St. **BLACKPOOL**, 311 Church St. **BRIGHTON**, *11 Surrey St. **BATH**, 76 West St., Old Market **CARLISLE**, 76 Newmarket St. **CHATHAM**, 100 High Street **CHESHIRE**, 267 Moorfields, Wigan **DARTFORTH**, 74 The Square **DUNDEE**, 100 George St. **HULL**, 91 Victoria Road **DURBY**, *61 Osmaston Road **EVERTER Private Shop**, *133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER**, *17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Market **GRIMSBY**, *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT WARWICK**, 3 Howard St. **NORM HEMEL HEMPSTEAD**, 193 London Road **KETERING**, *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN**, *14 Norfolk St. **LINCOLN**, *203 Kingston Rd. **New Market LEICESTER**, *10 Park Row **MALDEN**, *100 High St. **LIVERPOOL**, *63 Moorfields, L1 **MANCHESTER**, *12 Water Street **MACCLESFIELD**, *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER**, *54 Orchard St. **MARGATE**, *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBOROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE**, *56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM**, *185 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD**, 54 Cowley Rd. **READING**, *106 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM**, *35 Rowanhill Hall, Parkgate **SUNDERLAND**, 7 Devises Rd. **TORQUAY**, *19 WEST BROMWICH, *19 Bull Ring, Wolverhampton **WOLVERHAMPTON**, *17 Broad St. **WORK**, *121-14 Broadway.

* = NEWPORT 16 Cardiff Rd. **WREXHAM** & York St.

(*) Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS: These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON** (East) 627 Forest Rd., Watlington rd. E7 1NB, 682 Holloway Road N19 (North West), 565 St John Circle, NW10, 338 Finchley Rd. N3, 318 Levensham Rd. Lewisham SE13, **ALDEROTT**, 2650 High St. **BARKOV-IN-FURNISS** 6 Drakeville St. **BEDFORD**, 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM**, (Cen.) 43 The Bull Ring (above Open Air Mkt) **BIRMINGHAM**, 487 Stratford Rd., Spornhall **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BOURNESMOUTH**, 216 Holland Road **BRADFORD**, 147 Threlkirk Lane **BURNLEY**, 100 Central Rd. **BURY**, 54 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE**, 35 Chesterton Rd. **CHESTER**, 5 Boughton Rd. **CHESTERFIELD**, 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE**, 74 Edleston Rd. **CROYDON**, 100A Church St. **DONCASTER**, 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE**, 105 Dover Rd. **Huddersfield**, 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **Hull**, 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS**, 209 North St. **Sheepscarf MANSFELD**, *9 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON**, Regent Sq. **NORWICH**, 393 Augustine St. **NOTT'INGHAM**, 16 Carrington St. **PETERSBURGH**, 100 High St. **PLYMOUTH**, 13 Albarney Place, Devon Ex. **Rochester**, 442 New Road **SAUSBURY**, 125 South Western Rd. (behind Station) **SHEFFIELD**, Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY**, 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON**, 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHDOWN**, 199 East Esplanade **Stocks**, 62 Piccadilly, Harley **WAKEFIELD**, 71 Calowgate Rd. **WORCESTER**, 18 Lowmoorwood **WROTHAMPTON**, 10 Edmund St. **YORK**, 100-102 Giltwell Lane **LASCOGN**, 319 Gallows Road ●●● **WALES** — CARDIFF 5 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 100 Victoria Road ●●● **IRELAND** — BELFAST 11 Grosvenor St. 9720

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K.R. & S.S. MIN. KUN HOS K2AS OG FVWS TELEFON

NEW! GLORIOUS GLOBES 0898 323 449 NEW!

FI, THE FISH MONGERS WIFE!.....0898 323 450
DIAL - A - WIFE.....0898 323 453
WIVES COFFEE MORNING.....0898 323 454
MALE BRIDE.....0898 323 471
RAVING QUEENS.....0898 323 476
I'LL DO IT FOR YOU.....0898 323 481
WRIGGLE & RUB LINE.....0898 323 483
FILL ME UP!!.....0898 323 486
RANDY FOR DICK.....0898 323 487
GIVE IT TO ME GOOD!.....0898 323 488

LADYLINE VERY CLASSY, BUT TOTALLY SHAMELESS! 0223 845744

CLASSIFIEDS

Chest specialist
0898 323 448
Unfaithful wives
0898 323 451
Newly wed tales
0898 323 455
My husband doesn't
know! 0898 323 457
Hubby caught me in
the act! 0898 323 459
Your demand is my
request 0898 323 466
The mistress commands
0898 323 467
Hairy chest, silk
knickers 0898 323 470
Painted lips &
moustache 0898 323 472
Boys who borrow my
panties 0898 323 473
Caught you in my dress!
0898 323 477
Dressed him like a tart!
0898 323 478
Lets talk really dirty
0898 323 482
The groans of satisfaction
0898 323 484
Anyway you want me!
0898 323 485
XXX rated hard core
action 0898 323 490
I'm disgusting & dirty -
call me! 0898 323 492

24HR. ADULT FUN!!



CALLING FROM SWEDEN?

WILD & KINKY!!

I LOVE SEA-MEN 0898 323 493
SORDID SEX SECRETS 0898 323 494

CALLING FROM GERMANY?

MEIN MANN IST VERREIST BITTE RUF MICH AN UND FLIRTE MIT MIR...

00 852 172 7271

22 KUNIGEN KOSTEN JOMAS

SOLO CLIMAX LINE?? 0898 323 489

CLASSIFIEDS

Baby doll boys
0898 323 475
The sounds of sex
0898 323 480
Let me pop your cork!!
0898 323 491
Nervous nympho needs
attention 0898 323 495
Give me a ring & tug
while I talk
0898 323 496
I'm knickerless &
dying for it!
0898 323 497
Everyones welcome at
this all night sex orgy!
0898 323 498
Let me caress your love
truncheon 0898 323 499

CLASSIFIEDS

Rita from Romford
0898 323 452
Wicked wives tales
0898 323 456
Wife wants willies!
0898 323 458
Hot and helpless
0898 323 460
It's time to teach you!
0898 323 462
Naughty boys call me!!
0898 323 463
Strict Samantha
0898 323 465
Ingrid insults you!
0898 323 468
Let me beg you for it!!
0898 323 469
Girls need treatment
0898 323 461
Be my male maid
0898 323 464
Eric becomes Erica
0898 323 479
Let me dress you
0898 323 474

JAG KÄNNER MIG ENSAM RING MIG

0712 70172

SAMTALET KOSTAR 4 55-MIN INKL MOIS

WE AIM TO PLEASE SUPERIA SUPER SAVERS

SEX DOLLS
 A quality blow up plastic doll with hair - always willing - always available. Sensuously inviting mouth plus vaginal and rear orifices. 221 Standard £25.50 222 De Luxe version with vibro unit £27.50 Add code 'B' for Black. Details of female sex dolls made of strong latex-vinyl and also pure latex are available with our catalogue. Bonus LOVE-PAC of lubricant and sheath included with all dolls. **MALE DOLL 225** A blow-up plastic doll with erect 7 1/2" penis, plus mouth and rear openings. £28.00

PADED SHEATH 303
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359 BULLY BOY
 A vibrating hand prosthetic similar to the Pleaser 164 but with a larger length and girth. £13.25

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and harassing him at every opportunity. On July 1, the third and final payment on the station was due McCanles, but someone at the Overland's divisional offices had fouled up. Furious, McCanles threatened the station keeper, Horace Wellman, and the head stock-tender Doc Brink. Wellman placated the man, but over the next eleven days McCanles repeatedly returned to the station, belligerent and threatening. On July 12, with a couple of his cronies, McCanles set out to raise Cain. If his intention was to recover the station by force, as has sometimes been suggested, it seems strange that none of the party were armed. Certainly a showdown of sorts was on the cards, but while physically violent, McCanles was no gunman. What happened over the next half hour is open to dispute – but when the dust settled McCanles and his two cohorts were dead. In the first criminal case to be

reputation over the next decade the affair at Rock Creek Station would be romanticised and overblown in magazines and pulps in the East, until Hickok, single-handedly, had wiped out all ten of the “deadly McCanles



He liked the name and he liked the reputation. As ‘Wild Bill’ he began dressing up to his new image, wearing fancy buckskins while scouting and black frock-coats, embroidered vests, white linen shirts and fifty-dollar French calf boots when in town. Standing six foot two inches tall, broad shouldered, ‘narrow waisted’ (i.e. he didn’t carry a gut!) and with his mane of ‘golden-brown’ hair, he cut an impressive figure.

For the next four years, Wild Bill served creditably with the Union Army under Major General John Fremont, and later General Samuel Curtis. He risked his life more than once spying behind Confederate lines, and almost lost his scalp to the Confederate allies, the Choctaw Indians.

After the war, he moved to Springfield, Missouri where he took up gambling professionally – driving stage for \$30 a month holding few attractions. In Springfield he crossed paths with Dave Tutt, a gunman and gambler from Arkansas and former friend,

gang.”

In August 1861 Hickok left Rock Creek for Independence, where he was taken on by the Union Army as a scout and sharpshooter. During his brief stay in the town, he became friendly with a barman who had cause, during the evening, to shoot a rowdy, trouble-making beerswiller. The beerswiller’s buddies, collective dignities affronted, felt duty-bound to retaliate with a lynching. In the ensuing fracas, Hickok pulled his revolvers. “Get movin’, or there’ll be a few more dead men around here.”

“Give it to ‘em Wild Bill,” whooped the barkeep. Hickok’s reputation as a gunslinger – undeserved as it was – had preceeded him. Faced by the man who had “cleaned up on” the infamous McCanles gang, the muttering would-by lynchers slunk off – and Hickok was ‘Wild Bill’ thereafter.

before the two had fallen out over a woman. Tutt warned Hickok out of town, and after a rancorous exchange at the Old Southern Hotel a showdown was unavoidable.

As Wild Bill crossed the public square the following morning Tutt approached from the livery stable. At a range of seventy-five yards Tutt drew and fired. Hickok’s Colt Dragoon sounded almost simultaneously and Tutt fell forward, shot through the heart. It mightn’t have been surprising if both men had missed, though Wyatt Earp later attested that a man of Hickok’s skill (he could hit a nicker tossed into the air at a hundred paces) could kill effectively with a six-gun at up to four hundred yards.

A few months later Hickok was invited to serve as US marshal at Fort Riley, Kansas, where he spent the next four years (1866-1869) hunting army deserters and cavalry rustlers; and when called upon acted as

scout and guide – along with ‘Buffalo Bill’ Cody – to the troops across Indian country. By the time he took over as sheriff of Hays City in 1869, and marshal of Abilene in 1871, Hickok was a household name. His exploits in Indian territory and his blazing gun battles in the lawless towns of the West were feverishly reported on the East coast, in popular rags like Harper’s Magazine and Beadle’s Dime Monthly. Histrionic as they were, Hickok was a man of cool nerve and great courage. For \$150 a month he patrolled the city streets like a walking arsenal; pearl-handled Colts at his hips, shotgun in hand and a pair of 41 Derringers in his waistcoat. Such blatant armoury was good psychology in towns where violence

two of the most volatile and dangerous towns on the western frontier, he had killed fifteen men and arrested eighty more – but the towns were tamed!

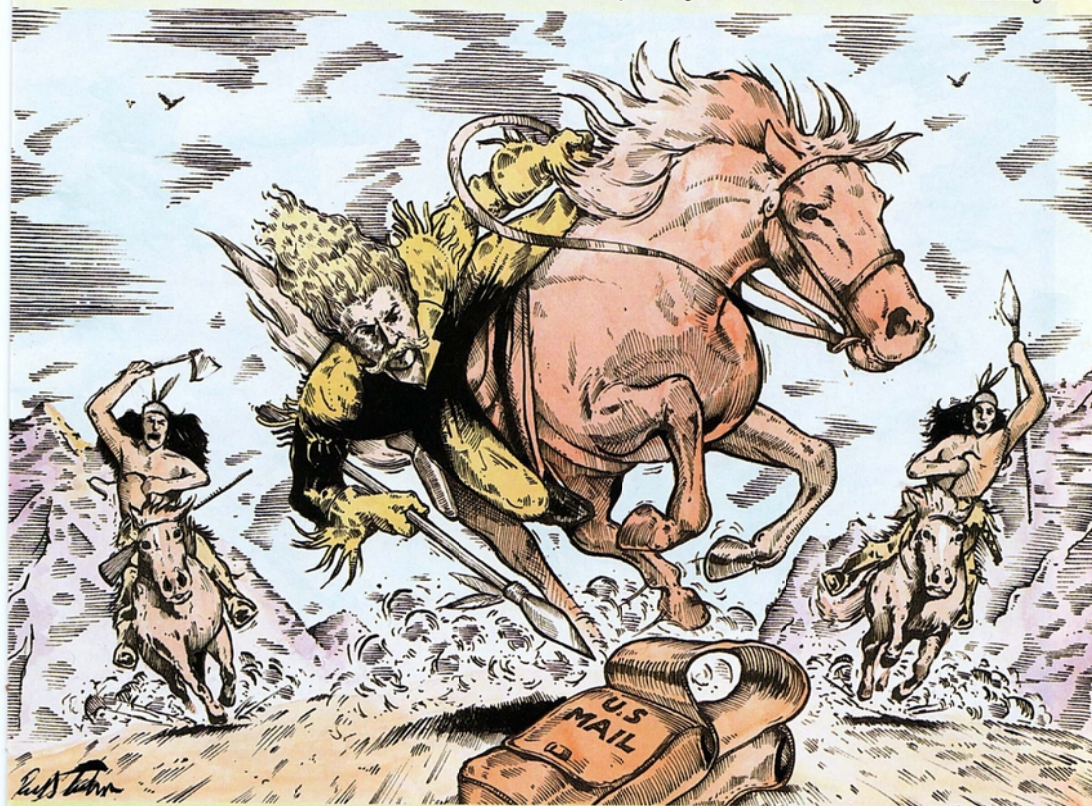
Hickok spent most of ‘72 in the gambling halls of Kansas City. Dogged by bad luck he joined up and toured for a year with Buffalo Bill’s Scouts of the Prairie show, though he had little stomach for it. On hearing of the Black Hills gold rush he headed for Dakota where he spent eighteen months ‘prospecting’ the saloons and gambling parlours of Cheyenne, before drifting on to Deadwood Gulch.

In Deadwood his favourite haunt was the No.10 Saloon where he would play cards from mid-afternoon till early morning. On

went against all his instincts. He asked Massey to change seats, but his friend laughed at Hickok’s superstition. “Nobody’s going to shoot you in the back, Bill,” he chuckled.

The game began at 3.30 p.m. At 4.10 p.m. Jack McCall, a scrounging saloon bum, walked up behind Hickok as though making for the bar, drew an old .45 and fired once. The bullet crashed through Hickok’s skull, exiting below the right cheek. He died instantly. His cards, black aces and eights, and the Queen of Hearts, fluttered to the floor. They’ve been the ‘Dead Man’s Hand’ ever since.

McCall fled, but was picked up later. He was tried for Hickok’s murder and hanged



and bloody mayhem were everyday events – though it was with the double-action revolvers that he invariably enforced the town ordinances. By the time Hickok left Hays and Abilene,

August 2 1876 he entered the No.10 to play poker with three cronies, Frank Massey, Charlie Rich and Carl Mann. As the last to arrive, Hickok was forced to accept a chair with his back to the door – something that

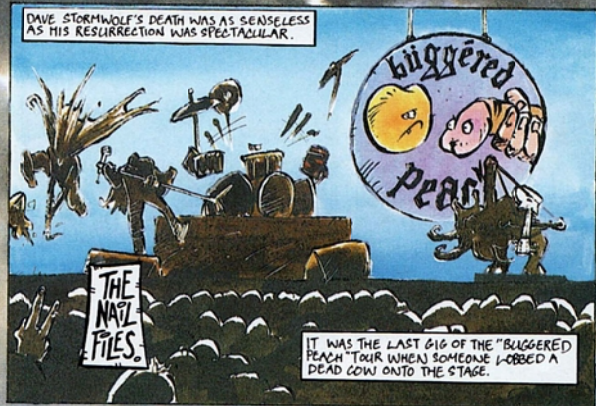
on March 1 1877.

A statue was raised over Wild Bill’s grave at Mount Moriah Cemetery, Deadwood in 1910, where it still stands behind a railed enclosure. Hickok is, for once, unarmed.

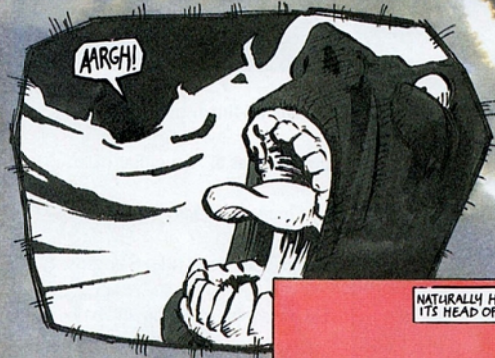


staged in Gage County, Nebraska, Hickok, Wellman and Brink were acquitted of murder “as legitimate agents defending government property” – despite Hickok’s admission that he himself had shot McCanles through the heart. It was a squalid victory, devoid of heroism, yet as Hickok established his

DAVE STORMWOLF'S DEATH WAS AS SENSELESS AS HIS RESURRECTION WAS SPECTACULAR.



IT WAS THE LAST GIG OF THE "BIGGER PEACH" TOUR WHEN SOMEONE LOBBED A DEAD COW ONTO THE STAGE.



NATURALLY HE BIT ITS HEAD OFF.

"I THOUGHT IT WAS A PLASTIC ONE," HE LATER CLAIMED.

WELL,

THE HONESTY OF THESE WORDS WILL ALWAYS BE IN QUESTION BUT THERE WAS NO DOUBTING THE SINCERITY OF THE MUTANT STRAIN OF MAD COWS' DISEASE HE CONTRACTED.



AFTER A PROTRACTED, PAINFUL ILLNESS WORTHY OF ANY OF HISTORY'S GREAT AND TORTURED ARTISTS, HE BESTOWED A WONDERFUL GIFT ON MUSIC LOVERS AND DIED.

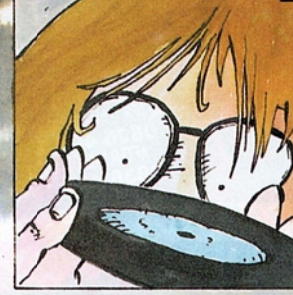
HIS MEMORIAL WAS AS HUMBLE AS COULD BE EXPECTED FOR THE EXTREMIST OF MUSIC'S MOST VENOMOUS BASTARD CHILD. "FUCKHEAD METAL." YEP. EVEN IN DEATH HE REMAINED A BEACON OF "BAD TASTE."

OF COURSE, IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE HIS BRAINDEAD ADMIRERS CONGREGATED THERE TO EXCHANGE AND EXAGGERATE TALES OF THEIR HERO'S INDULGENCES, PLAY ALBUMS BACKWARDS IN THE HOPE THAT ONE MIGHT JUST CONTAIN THE SATANIC SPELL THAT'D REVIVE HIM...

AND CONSUME VAST QUANTITIES OF ILLEGAL SUBSTANCES.



UNTIL THAT IS, ELTON FISHWICK PRODUCED A TRULY SATANIC OPUS.



"TWO LITTLE BOYS HAD TWO LITTLE..."

THE RESULT WAS PHENOMENAL (AND NOT ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY.)



SO, AFTER DAYS OF RITUALISTIC HEADBANGING, WHAT HAPPENED?

SOD ALL.

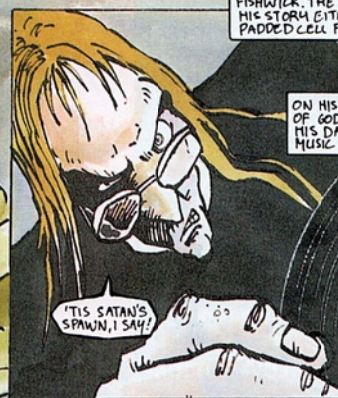


WAKE UP, GITFACE.

RUDELY AWAKENED FROM HIS ETERNAL SLUMBER STORMWOLF TAUGHT THE FAITHFUL SOME MANNERS BY SYSTEMATICALLY DECAPITATING THEM IN THE USUAL FASHION THEN RETIRED FOREVER.



ODDLY ENOUGH THERE WAS ONE SURVIVOR; ELTON FISHWICK. THE AUTHORITIES DIDN'T BELIEVE HIS STORY EITHER AND GAVE HIM HIS OWN PADDED CELL FOR A WHILE.



"IT'S SATAN'S SPAWN, I SAY!"

ON HIS RELEASE HE GOT A BAD CASE OF GOD AID AND DEVOTED THE REST OF HIS DAYS TO EXPOSING MODERN MUSIC FOR THE EVIL IT IS.

ROLF HARRIS
TWO LITTLE BOYS
YUMMY RECORDS

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Oral Pleasure 0898 700 307 (C)
In My Mouth 0898 442 721 (A)
All The Way 0898 700 306 (E)
My Tongue Around It 0898 442 722 (B)
I'll Swallow It 0898 700 373 (D)
Girly Oral Action 0898 700 371 (B)
Games And Special Toys 0898 700 375 (C)
Shower Lust 0898 700 372 (A)
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Sexual Fantasies 0898 700 372 (C)
Down On Each Other 0898 700 372 (D)
I'll Do It Till Satisfied 0898 700 374 (B)
On My Lap 0898 700 374 (A)
I'm Linda, I'm Naughty 0898 700 377 (E)
My Hand, Your Cheeks 0898 442 720 (C)
Bend Over, Take That 0898 700 373 (B)
My Bottom Is Bare 0898 700 375 (D)
My Black Stockings 0898 700 374 (E)
Silk Stockings & 0898 700 345 (D)
Suspenders 0898 700 379 (A)
Wet T-Shirt 0898 442 722 (C)
Bra Busting 42D 0898 700 373 (E)
You've Been Naughty 0898 442 723 (B)
Stocks & Bonds 0898 442 723 (C)
My Neighbour Joined In 0898 700 371 (D)

SEX FILE SPECIALS

Susan (18) 34-22-34. I'm looking for men
aged 18-45 for afternoon fun and games, no
fees, will travel, call 0898 442 719 (D)
Carrie (32) 36-24-36. I need men 18-60 to
ease my sexual appetite - are you willing?
Must be free afternoons/evenings.
Call 0898 700 336 (E)
Sammy (21) 35-22-35. Hi, I'll mouth off to
you until you are completely satisfied. No
fees, call 0898 700 367 (A)
Linda (2) 38-24-38. Frustrated housewife
looking for action with all types of men. Not
fussy, no fees, call 0898 700 377 (D)
Hi, I want to mouth off to you until you have
gone all the way on 0898 700 375 (A)
Sarah (18) 36-24-36. Let's mouth off to each
other on the phone and get really turned on.
Call me for complete satisfaction on
0898 700 370 (E)
Tina and Gina doing their stuff live. Older
woman, younger girl - you'll be hot when you
hear the panting of our pleasure on
0898 700 376 (B)
Kay (18) 42-24-36. Big boobs, bubbly
personality wants to meet you for afternoon
fun and games. Let's have a good
time. Call 0898 700 378 (C)
Niki (24) 35-24-35. Hi, I want to talk dirty to
you until you are completely satisfied, let me
be your phone affair. No fees at all, call
0898 700 378 (E)

Hi, I'll talk dirty to you until you are
completely satisfied on 0898 700 308 (A)
I would like to give you a good seeing to with
my rod. Screaming delight on
0898 442 723 (D)
Janet (28) 34-22-34. Let me talk dirty on the
phone to you one on one for hot action that
will make you scream with pleasure. No
relationship. No fees at all, call
0898 700 377 (B)

Hi would you like to meet me for afternoon
fun and games? No fees, will travel, call
0898 700 390 (B)
Sexually experienced lady requires virile
men to act out fantasies with. No fees, will
travel, direct contact on 0898 700 338 (C)
Midlands Swedish full body massage.
Nothing held back, complete pleasure
guaranteed. Will travel, 0898 700 390 (A)
Nympho Blonde girl (18) gives complete
satisfaction on (no fees) 0898 442 720 (D)
Would you like to meet me for afternoon fun
and games? Call 0898 700 345 (E)

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(this service is for entertainment only; the only
fees are your telephone call charges)

Ladies in your area that just love sex.
When you dial we will give you an area
code and just say yes to your area. The
following girls and housewives are
samples that may be available in your
area. If the sex contact dialled is not in
your area, you can either find her by using
the general service or we can give out
details of a different sex contact of similar
age, looks and sexual preferences. It's as
easy as that, so get dialling.
This service is for entertainment only; the only fees are
your telephone call charges.

Gill (24) 35-24-34. Hi, I want to meet men
(18-50) for sexual pleasures! I'll teach you
all I know. No fees at all, will travel, call
0898 700 370 (D)

Carole (36) 33-20-34. Slim, petite and very
frustrated. I would like to meet men of any
age for mutually benefiting afternoons. No
fees at all, call 0898 700 376 (E)

Joan (37) 44-29-36. Plump housewife
looking for adult entertainment, discretion
assured. No fees at all, just pleasure, call
0898 700 376 (C)

Virgin girl needs an old man to give her
sexual experience. Will accept anyone. Will
travel to you. Call me on 0898 700 336 (A)
Live all girl show pre recorded and only on
this number 0898 700 378 (B)

Girls love to massage other girls very
naughty very blue XXX rated has own car,
call me on 0898 442 723 (E)
Girls into other girls recorded for your wet
dreams. They love their sex, call on
0898 700 306 (D)

Male model wants to meet other men for
live raw acts - explicit sexual demands. No
charge. 0898 700 377 (C)

Horny wife wants to be yours for the day. No
time wasters and no fees. Will travel, call
0898 700 371 (E)

Miss Stern wants to teach you how to be
obedient! No fees, just pleasure from the
Call me on 0898 700 375 (E)
Broadminded couple seek man and
woman for group action. Are you interested?
Will travel, call us on 0898 700 373 (C)

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Treat Me Like A Tart 0898 700 374 (A)
My Hand Will Satisfy 0898 700 345 (B)
Video Vixens 0898 442 722 (E)
Dirty Talk 0898 700 308 (C)
Rubber Clad Girl 0898 442 721 (B)
I Watched My Neighbour 0898 442 720 (A)
Licking Girls 0898 700 307 (D)
Swedish Nymphs
Into O' 0898 700 375 (B)
Dutch Dykes Together 0898 442 722 (D)
Hot Danish Girls 0898 442 723 (A)
Try The Filipino Way 0898 700 371 (C)
Let Me Slide It In 0898 700 377 (A)
Tart Talks Dirty 0898 700 308 (B)
Playing With My Vibrator 0898 700 379 (E)
Unzip Your Jeans 0898 442 721 (D)

HORNY TALK GIRLS

I'm Jenny And I'm Playing Alone With My
Sex Toys 0898 442 723 (C)
My Name's Sue, Let My Mouth Take It All
0898 700 307 (B)

Ring Me And I'll Strip So You Can Take Me
0898 700 374 (D)
Carol and Jane. Two very rude girls playing
with each other. 0898 700 376 (A)

Why Don't You Let Me Slide It In
0898 442 721 (C)
Let's Do Some Humping And Bumping
0898 700 372 (E)

I'm Diana And I'll Go Down On You
0898 700 370 (B)
Let's Have Some Pleasure for
Both Of Us 0898 442 722 (A)

Randy Mandy Will Lick It And Suck It For You
0898 700 376 (D)
Join us at our hot and horny all girl party.
0898 700 374 (C)

My Name's Alice And My Fingers Are In My
Panties 0898 442 720 (B)
Ring Me, My Hot Pink Lips Are Ready for
You 0898 442 721 (E)

Let me explain my first oral experience.
0898 700 336 (B)
Ring Tina, I'm Bound To Please
0898 700 378 (D)

I'm Julie And 42D, So Why Don't You Play
With Me 0898 700 378 (A)

JACK ALONG RECORDINGS

My First Time 0898 700 336 (D)
Climax With Me 0898 700 379 (C)
Take Me, I'm Ready 0898 700 307 (E)
Oral Satisfaction 0898 700 373 (A)
French Oral 0898 700 379 (B)
Busty Blonde Excites 0898 700 345 (C)
Across The Desk 0898 700 338 (E)
In The Study 0898 700 379 (D)
Whacko 0898 700 338 (B)

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Using your voice activated sex file
system you can play sex games over
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and all sex acts were actually recorded
on our memory bank. What's more,
our girls will get you doing some real
dirty stuff as well as you doing it to
them. So get dialling.

Oral Adventure
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water
ready when you play this one) 0898 700 336 (C)

Slime Your Way Through The Erotic Maze
(You just need your wits for this one) 0898 700 345 (A)

Strip And Bonk
(This one has an unusual ending - have a piece
of large paper with you, you'll see why) 0898 700 338 (D)

Force Them To Do It
(A game special, you can either use
a loud voice or do it by tapping the phone with
any object) 0898 700 390 (D)

Submission In The Dark
(Just be ready to be told what to do) 0898 700 392 (C)

Filthy Talk
(Prepare yourself for some shocks, you have to
get behind her first and when you've done it,
she talks dirty (3 girl option) 0898 700 391 (E)

Wipe Out
(Just get the XXX formula right and you have a
choice of three girls to suck you dry) (You can
bring a man in if you want) 0898 700 392 (E)

Nobbie The Virgin
(Another bar of soap and cup of warm water
special) 0898 700 392 (D)

Strange ways XXX rated 'bizarre lines' game
(o.k. for Cecil and transvestites, if you lose on
'payola' you may hear or have to do some
weird things.) 0898 700 390 (C)

Game Special
(If possible wear gloves when you play.)

Oral Antics
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water
ready, when you dial.) 0898 700 370 (C)

Tell The Butch Girls What To Do
(The louder you shout the more they do it to
each other.) 0898 442 719 (B)

Find The Nympho
(If you can't find her, you get done by a man.)

Strip Her Then Have Her 0898 700 391 (C)

(You choose your girl on a sex test first, you
can even have two together.) 0898 700 392 (A)

Strange Ways
(Slime your way through the erotic maze.)

Three Way Wipe Out 0898 700 391 (D)

(If you lose you either get sucked dry, submit
to take our leather girl or take on three T.V.s.)

Slime The Blonde 0898 700 391 (B)

(Another bar of soap and a cup of warm water
special.) 0898 700 392 (B)

Jump The Tart
(If you loose you get a dose and your vitals rot
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drawer, then gone round the bed to fall in the position in which he lay dead. After a lot of photographing and taking of samples, the body, the gun and everything relevant was taken away for laboratory testing. Farley set numerous inquiries into the Orsinis' background in motion.

"In his fifteen years of homicide investigations, Farley had never felt so frustrated as he searched for a positive lead."

then returned to the traumatised household next day. Mother and daughter wanted to be questioned together. He had no objection at this stage, first confirming that neither heard a shot or any unusual noise during the night. Evidently, Tiffany would have done, being an exceptionally light sleeper with a medical history of sleep problems. These were discussed at some length, together with the general household routine.

Finally Farley said, "Just one last point, Mrs Orsini. I believe your husband was keen on woodwork."

"Yes, as a hobby," she replied.

"Did he ever do anything to the spare room door or its lock?"

"Not that I know of. I can't even remember the spare room door being locked before."

"Thank you very much, that will be all for now. But I would like another look over the spare room."

Once in the room, Farley inspected the window catches, then the door lock with a strong magnifying glass. Apart from the gash made by Mrs Bell to gain entry, there were no scratch-marks or levering indentations to indicate any tampering, either from the outside or inside. He next searched around the floor, walls and ceiling, looking for any possible bullet hole or opening through which anyone could crawl. He found nothing to suggest any further line of inquiry.

Returning to his office, Farley learnt that Orsini was killed by a .38 bullet, fired at close range from a Colt revolver, not a Smith and Wesson. That ruled out suicide. The alarm set for 4am had run down. Orsini was possibly dead at that time, certainly several hours before Mrs Orsini walked to school with Tiffany. So someone had either entered or been

hidden in the room, murdered Orsini and departed leaving the door and windows locked from the inside – all without making enough noise to wake a chronic light sleeper.

Farley sighed heavily as he leafed through print-out reports of interviews conducted by his men.

Neighbours knew Lee and Roy Orsini as a happily married couple, totally devoted to each other and their daughter. Relatives were not aware of any trouble between the couple, nor of any other women or other men coming between them. Every business contact interviewed described Roy Orsini as pleasant, honest, interested in his job and always ready to help – a guy everyone seemed to like.

In his fifteen years of homicide investigations, Farley had never felt so frustrated as he searched for a positive lead. Could it possibly be Lee Orsini? She knew every detail of the house and had free access at any time to set up whatever was needed for her plan, even to drugging Tiffany into deep sleep. Motive? None as yet, but there must be a clue somewhere. She was an attractive woman of under forty, and had possibly been a stunner as a teenager. Could a former

The two detectives exchanged quizzical glances. "You reckon Houdini could have done it, Sarge?" one of them suggested.

"Get going," grunted Farley, in no mood for jokes.

He went downstairs to Mrs Orsini, trying to adjust to a new way of life

after the funeral, but still suffering an obvious sense of loss. He led his questioning to former boyfriends. Yes, there had been several. No, she had not kept in touch with any. Had she told her husband about any boyfriends? He knew she had escorts to functions before they were married. Was her husband a jealous man? Not particularly, but he had no reason to be jealous. And so it went on, completely open about Tiffany's sleeplessness and medication, not a fibre of evidence that led anywhere. He joined the men in the spare room. They too had reached similar final conclusions – not even a crawling infant could have left that room other than by the doorway or one of the windows. So that was it – the impossible murder had been committed!

Returning to his office, Farley was summoned before the Police Chief.

"it seemed highly unlikely that Orsini could have shot himself, replaced the gun in the drawer, then gone round the bed to fall in the position in which he lay dead."

boyfriend be involved? He set up a series of inquiries into Lee's past, then arranged to visit the household the next day with two forensic men.

Farley took the men into the spare room. "Orsini built the fitted wardrobes himself," he explained, "check if they hide any possible outlet from wall, floor or ceiling through which even a midget could escape. If not, go over the entire room. Someone got out of it leaving door and windows locked from the inside. You've gotta find out how. Get me?"

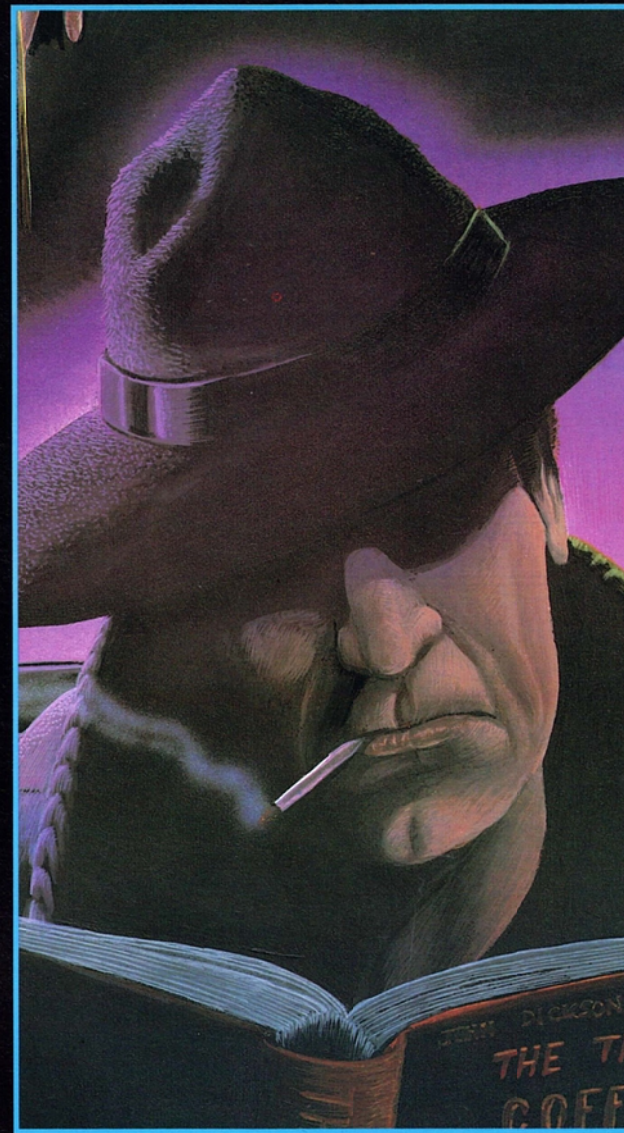
"I've been reading these reports about the Orsini case, Farley," the Chief greeted him. "None of them lead anywhere. You're in charge of the case, and have a good record. You'd better sit down and fill me in." Farley spent three hours in the Chief's office. They went over everything, then the Chief mentioned John Dickson Carr, the crime writer who specialised in 'locked room' murders. Evidently in one book he developed an investigation into the locked room theory. Buzzed by the

Chief, the Archives Department turned up the title – *The Three Coffins*, published in 1935. A further buzz and the State library produced a copy, which the Chief gave him to read.

Farley did just that, sat up nearly all night to complete it. He then arranged to interview Mrs Orsini and asked if she would accompany him on a survey of her house and garden. She co-operated fully, appearing to want the mystery of her husband's murder cracked as much as anyone.

The Orsini scenario was almost identical in detail as that Dickson Carr had used – victim found beheaded in a room without hiding places, which the murderer seemingly could neither have entered nor left. The improbabilities of this plot were finally resolved by mistaken identities and an unlikely impersonation scheme. None of this fitted the Orsini set up, for there were no regular visitors to the household, no known outsider involved. There were one or two factors he could check, but nothing that offered much hope. This was the difference, murders in fiction were mere intellectual puzzles created to keep the reader guessing. In the final analysis, whether the reader was taken in or unconvinced by the outcome did not matter, it was only fiction. In Roy Orsini's case a real bullet had been fired and the fatal consequences were real.

After a full day of searching, further questioning of Mrs Orsini and her neighbours, Farley detected no new lead. Back at Police Headquarters a note informed him of a case conference with the Chief next morning. He then went home to catch up on some sleep, his mind a whirlpool mix of fact and fiction. The Chief had called all concerned with the Orsini inquiry together. They spent most of the day sifting



developments and hope we get a breakthrough that will lead to solving this mystery. There's something missing somewhere."

"There sure is, Chief," Farley confirmed. It remains missing today, eleven years later. The Orsini case has never been closed, so it remains one of the world's most mysterious unsolved murders.

through evidence from lab reports, scanning hundreds of photographs of the Orsini household and its surrounds, listening to recorded interviews, studying reports word by word. Anything that anyone could think of had already been tried. They unanimously confessed to being completely baffled.

When dismissing the group, the Chief asked Farley to stay behind. They discussed *The Three Coffins* book and yesterday's follow-up. Finally the Chief said, "This ought to be a crime fiction plot. It doesn't fit into real life. We have only one certainty – someone murdered Roy Orsini."

"Yeah," Farley agreed.

"We must keep the case open, make routine inquiries from time to time, watch for any possible

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Problems are something we've all got.
 Yes, even the Knave team have the
 occasional worry. Usually we panic
 about whether or not those Gucci loafers
 match that Armani suit. Sometimes we
 even ask our fave problem solver,
 BETTE NOIR for advice. And this little
 page is where she hands it out...

What's? YOUR PROBLEM?

Q: Do men generally not like to
 talk in bed? We both read your
 magazine, so we'd appreciate it
 if you'd settle the matter for us.
 I'd feel a lot better during sex if
 he'd open up, talk to me about
 my body, how it excites him, etc.
 I tell him - it makes me feel good
 to tell him. Why doesn't he feel
 the same way? He says he just
 likes to touch a lot, that this is
 his way. - M.S., Derby.

A: Sugar, some people
 are more inhibited
 about talking during
 sex than others.
 Especially men.
 Especially English
 men. Sometimes it
 takes more time to
 build up enough trust
 so people can - in
 their eyes - be
 vulnerable enough to
 express how they're
 feeling. Encourage
 him, don't berate him.
 Ask him how he feels
 about your body,
 what excites him
 about it, how you
 made him feel. A little
 at a time. Let him
 know all those things,
 and in return, how
 important it is for you
 to hear his sexual
 feelings, those
 compliments. Either
 he'll become more
 verbally responsive, or
 you'll just have to
 accept his shyness -
 and that it doesn't
 reflect any lack of
 feeling towards you.

Q: While I've been with a
 particular lady for some time -
 and I've been happy with her - I

recently met another woman who
 works in the same building as me
 who attracts me strictly sexually.
 The result of this has been a
 fantasy I want more than anything
 to come true - three in a bed. I
 think the other woman might be
 interested, but having never even
 mentioned this kind of thing to
 my friend, I don't know how to
 go about making it happen. -
 A.W., Croyden.

A: Well, you might
 start by sounding out
 the idea of a manage-
 a-trois with your lady
 in a non-threatening
 situation, say, while
 you're both in bed
 chatting lazily about
 sexual matters - you
 can draw her out
 subtly, and get a clue
 from there. If she
 responds quite
 strongly against the
 idea, read no further. If
 she's unsure, but is
 kind of titillated by it,
 yell "WHOOPEE"
 inwardly, then let it go
 for a little while,
 meanwhile ensuring
 that 1, she's sexually
 and emotionally secure
 in your relationship
 and 2, she really likes
 the idea, and isn't just
 trying to sound
 "liberated". Everything
 still "go"? Now the
 other one. Judging
 from your letter - and
 your friendliness with
 her, approach the idea
 along with a drink or
 two. If your face is
 bruised and nose
 bloody, read no
 further. If she goes for

the idea, repeat your
 inward rejoicing and
 then organise a
 friendly lunch for the
 three of you. If the
 chemistry is there,
 invite the other lady
 over to dinner with
 you and your partner -
 before she arrives,
 make sure you and
 girlfriend have
 sufficiently aired
 uncertainties, fears,
 expectations, feelings.
 Then - send me a copy
 of the video.

Q: I've been getting into erotic
 material these past few months,
 and I've noticed in some of them
 that the cock is called a "love
 muscle". Is there actually a
 muscle? I thought it was made
 up of tissue and other things. If
 there is, wouldn't that mean you
 could exercise it? - D.E.
 Peckham.

A: Not so it'll grown
 bigger, dear. But you
 do exercise it anyway.
 It's called up and
 down and up and
 down... at any rate
 sexologists maintain
 there is a muscle: the
 pubococcygeus, in
 both men and
 women. Good muscle
 tone does affect
 quality - in the case of
 orgasm. Kegel
 exercises (for women)
 are often
 recommended to tone
 up; that's clenching
 and letting go to
 control urination. For
 men, learning to relax
 the muscle helps

avoid premature
 ejaculation (and can
 even lead to finding the
 male G spot, some
 researchers believe).
 Some think this
 method's better than the
 Masters' & Johnson's
 "squeeze" one, since you
 don't need a partner to
 help out. And a one and
 a two and... ah

Q: I am 20. Recently, when I went
 back to a girl's flat after our first
 time out, she invited me in, and
 everything was calculated, as though
 she was used to doing this all the
 time! I'm glad she had protection,
 but I still feel odd about it all - K.J.,
 Glasgow.

A: Yes, folks, it's the new
 1992 model called
 "smart-us cookie-us"! To
 assume that she's out to
 get laid every night is
 crazy - and irrational.
 She's just keeping-
 literally - SAFE
 precautions around the
 house, just in case. It's
 not always a secure
 feeling to assume that
 the man will be coming
 prepared. Why take
 chances? Women who
 don't take the Pill or
 don't want an IUD have
 to put on something,
 especially in the AIDS
 generation. (And you
 didn't bring anything,
 did you?) Don't read so
 much into it - and just
 think: if you'd pulled out
 a packet of three,
 wouldn't she have raised
 an eyebrow and
 wondered similar things
 about you?

Behind CLOSED DOORS

How does a kiler murder someone in a locked room and then escape without leaving any trace or evidence? It sounds impossible, but it happened to Roy Orsini, murdered in his bedroom by a phantom killer who had no known motive. GEOFFREY HUMPHRYS investigates a crime which has never been solved and still baffles the detectives who handled it...

When thirty-eight-year-old heating engineer Roy Orsini kissed his wife Lee and thirteen-year-old daughter Tiffany goodnight, then at 9pm went upstairs to bed, that was the last time they saw him alive. Yet he never left the house, and what happened in the interim until his body was discovered next morning, has been described as the most baffling murder mystery in the history of American crime. The Orsinis lived in a pleasant, suburban, three-bedroomed house at North Little Rock, Arkansas. Roy went to bed early on the night of 11th March 1981, because of a morning appointment with a client 60 miles out of town. As a consultant, he had built up a good reputation and now operated over a wide area, frequently making early morning starts. On

these occasions, to avoid disturbing the rest of the household, he slept alone in the spare bedroom, set an alarm clock under his pillow, slipped out of the house as quietly as possible, then shaved and had breakfast at a motel before meeting his client. When Lee awoke at 7am next morning, she rose immediately and dressed. She called Tiffany then went downstairs. During breakfast Lee said, "It's a lovely morning, Tiffany,

"The slim figure of Roy Orsini, still in his striped pyjamas, lay face downwards on the bed."

As Dad's not here, I think I'll walk to school with you before starting my housework."

"OK, Mom, fine," her daughter replied, and a few minutes later they left the house together.

Lee returned after about half an hour, busied herself downstairs, then had a cup of coffee before going upstairs to the bedrooms. Now for the first time she noticed that the spare room door was closed. This immediately struck her as unusual. To avoid making unnecessary noise, Roy always left the door wide open.

Frowning, Lee turned the door handle: the door would not open. She tried again, then saw the key end just protruding out of the keyhole. The door must be locked from the inside. Had Roy not heard the alarm? But why had he locked the door? He had never locked it before! She tried the handle again and pushed, then called out, "Roy! Are you in there?" When no sound came from within, her heart beat wildly. She rained a flurry of blows on the door shouting, "Roy! The door's locked and I'm terribly worried! Roy, please try and let me in!"

Again no response, so she rushed downstairs, out of the house to her next door neighbour.

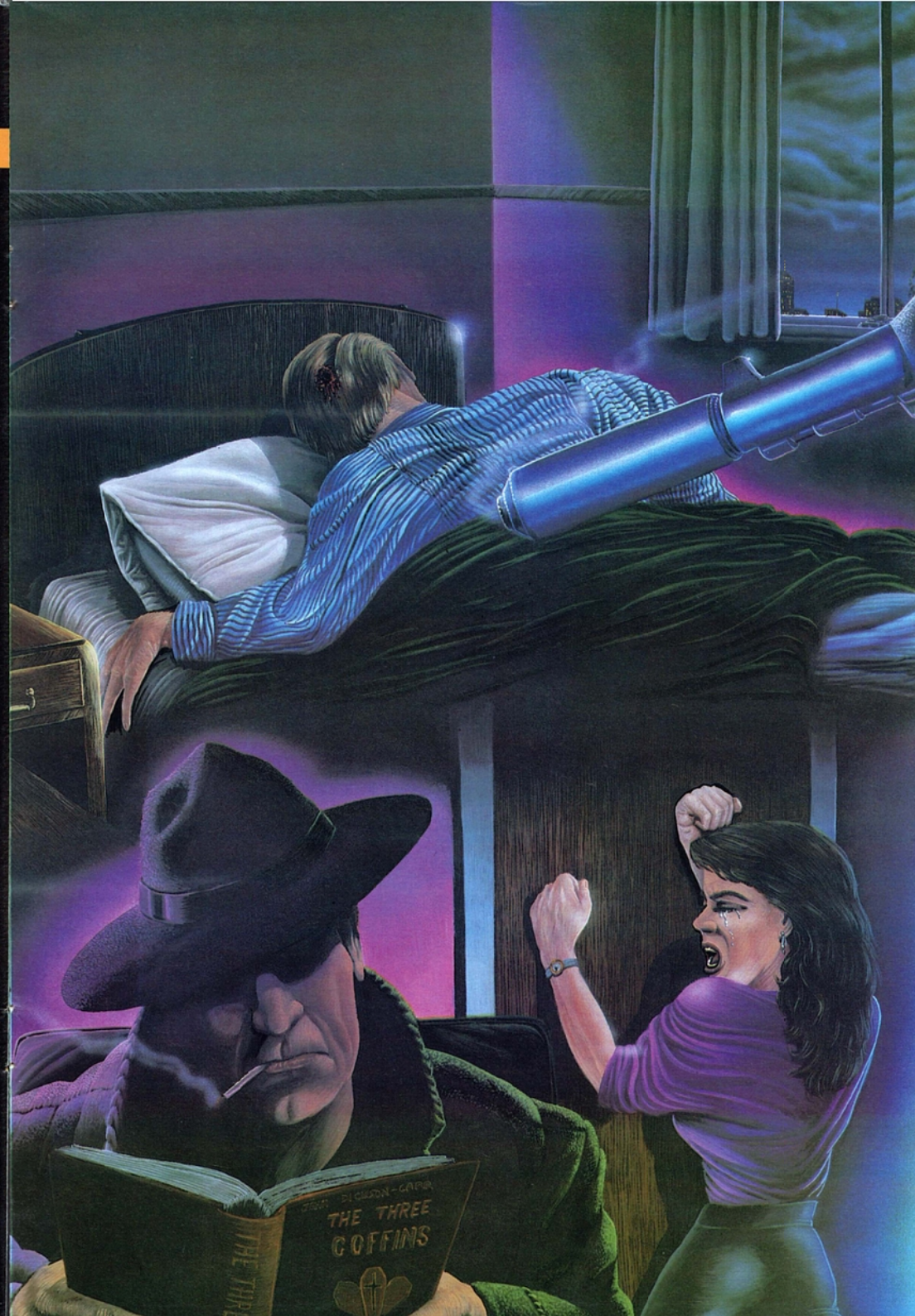
Glenda Bell had never seen Lee looking so distraught. After hearing all, she said, "Roy's probably halfway across the State by now. Somehow the door lock mechanism must have slipped and stuck after he left."

"But he never closes the door," protested Lee.

"Okay, then there's some other explanation. Don't worry, I'll get a hammer and screwdriver, then we'll go right over."

Glenda prised the lock and the two women pushed on the door until it burst open. Both screamed at what they saw. The slim figure of Roy Orsini, still in his striped pyjamas, lay face downwards on the bed, congealed blood around a wound on the back of his head.

Glenda gathered her senses first, led Lee downstairs and telephoned the police. Detective Sergeant Farley of the homicide squad arrived within minutes. He sprinted upstairs, but came down more slowly shortly afterwards. He nodded to Glenda to confirm death, then telephoned for a police doctor and his forensic team. After obtaining the barest details from the visibly shocked Mrs Orsini, Farley again went upstairs to the spare room. It appeared that Roy Orsini had been shot with both door and windows locked from the inside, making suicide a possibility. Mrs Orsini told him that her husband had a gun, but neither she nor her daughter had heard a shot. Farley found the gun in a drawer on the opposite side of the bed - a .38 Smith and Wesson revolver, no silencer fitted, no evidence of it recently being used. Anyway, it seemed highly unlikely that Orsini could have shot himself, replaced the gun in the



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 I'll bend over so you can see 0898 884 408
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ME

it happened to

Bar Snacks

This is where you get to tell us exactly what, or who you've been up to, and how many times. This section is especially for those adventures which just won't fit in Penpower Plus, and absolutely all the letters you read here are real - the only things we change are the names and places to protect the innocent. For every sexploit printed, we'll pay a gigantic £50! So send your confessions to: I.H.T.M., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

When I was twenty-two, I started work in a bar for some extra cash. I was a student at the time and my grant just didn't stretch far enough for me to get by. It was a popular place, frequented by many young lads out for a good

laugh, and good luck to them - I love a good laugh myself. Being tall, long-legged and blond, I attracted no end of wandering eyes, and although I flirted a little I had never succumbed to their young and frantic libidos. I like to think I can attract a slightly older man, one with experience in every sense of the word!! You may find this hard to believe but although I am twenty-two, I have only ever had any sort of experience of a sexual kind with one man and although I loved every second of his pumping cock in my pussy, I didn't want to get a reputation for being 'easy'. So I had waited almost two years without one glimpse of hard dick. Believe me, it hadn't been easy! I thought about it all the time and wanked

"My skimpy white knickers were already getting moist from my pussy hole."

furiously almost every day. Anyway, back to my tale. One particular night working behind the bar, it was tremendously busy and the new manager came down to help out. I had only seen him once before and it was then that I noticed how gorgeous he was. Unfortunately, I was in a rush so

couldn't stop to chat. Tonight, I was, not unsurprisingly, in an extremely horny frame of mind and was pretty pleased when he offered his services. I was wearing a short black skirt, a skimpy white vest top, and my hair was down, falling all over my eyes as usual. You should have been there when my boss came downstairs - his eyes nearly



rolled right out of his head!!! I have to say, without appearing sleazy that I was chuffed. I don't know if it was me bending down, collecting glasses and stacking them that turned him on, I could tell from the most enormous bulge in his trousers that something sure was getting to him. After a while, he stopped serving customers and just stood, watching my every move. I couldn't say I blamed him. Imagine what a sight he must have seen as I leant and bent over - bare tanned thighs, pert little ass, only

just covered by my skimpy white knickers, which were already getting moist from my pussy hole with all the excitement. I think it was that night that I realised that this celibacy could go on no more. I was aching for a good shafting and from the way my cunt started oozing juice, I knew what I had

to do. From that point on, I started playing up to my boss's advances. Christ, he was a good looking man, around thirty; just what I had been looking for anyway. Why not just let

hours. How could I say no? I never did get that drink for as soon as the door was closed, he was on my mouth with his like a bloodsucker. His tongue darted in and out of my mouth,

"My cunt lips parted and dribbled spunk and pussy juice onto the cock-shaped lever."

myself go? Every time I had to squeeze past him, I made myself get that little bit closer and I could tell that if I didn't come through for him at the end of the night, he was going to explode in his trousers! It was quite a game for me and by the end of the night I was looking

exploring, licking and I felt myself gushing for a good fuck. His hand went to my full breasts, caressing and stroking and by now moisture was dripping down the insides of my thighs. I started to moan and rock my pulsating body against his. He must have known



forward to teasing him just a little more, to see how far I could push him. When eventually, the end of the night came, he offered to buy me a drink after

where I wanted his hands and like a flash they were between my legs. No time was lost as they slid inside my knickers, and I felt his fingers shoved

DIFFERENT Strokes

We're all kinky up to a certain point.

But that point decides whether a letter goes into our Penpower Plus pages, or whether it comes here, to Different Strokes, the section that deals with the kinkier side of sex. This is where you air your views and relate sexual experiences which are beyond the normal realm of Penpower Plus. Whether you were encased in rubber, or licked treacle from your partners feet, this section is for you. Different Strokes wants to hear from you, but we do have some ground rules, certain subjects that are, sadly, taboo. For instance, we cannot mention anal sex, sado-masochism or bondage to any great extent, I'm afraid, but anything else is fair game. Let us know what you get up to. Write to: Different Strokes, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex, CM8 3SZ.

Caught Short

RE knicker wetting and its attendant pleasures, I was first aroused to this when I was 18 and visiting my friends Mark and Janet. We were playing a game of improvised handball and started mucking and rolling about. I suddenly realised that my position at Janet's ankles gave me a naughty view up her legs.

She gave a little gasp and her legs started to twitch vigorously and I saw a spurt of pee shoot through the material of her undies. A dark patch appeared in the vee at the top of her legs. As she wriggled strenuously, I watched spellbound and aroused as her knickers, tights and part of her skirt became darker and seeped with pee. I could sense the muscular contractions as she pissed.

As we were playing on the grass, it didn't

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ME

Bar Snacks

inside my throbbing love-hole. They probed and probed, in and out, his other finger working on my clitty until I felt

"One thing that's guaranteed to turn me on is the taste and smell of my own pussy."

two years' worth of pent-up frustration working its way up my legs, and slowly through my body and at last I had the most earth shattering orgasm. My legs

pumping for all he was worth. He let out deep groans as his balls slapped over and over against my bum. As he got harder and began thrusting more vigorously I knew he would soon come. I slipped my hand between my thighs as he had done only minutes before and frantically friggged myself close to orgasm - I waited until he let out the most passionate of cries then brought myself off as he shot hot, hot spunk up inside my hole. He withdrew his penis and sat down on a bar stool, panting and looking very satisfied with himself.

I was still aching for more and knew that I hadn't yet been fulfilled, so I decided to tease him with a little show. I climbed up on to the bar and straddled



nearly gave way to my shuddering as it washed over me, waves upon waves of pleasure. I could tell my boss was now only too glad to be able to ram his tool right up my fanny.

With one swift movement, he bent me over and put my hands on the beer pumps. He ripped down my sodden knickers and pushed my skirt right up to my waist. I was only too thankful when I felt his cock eventually inside me,

three of the phallic shaped beer pump handles. Placing a hand on the two outside ones, I lowered myself down on to the middle pump. John, for that was his name, couldn't believe his eyes as my cunt lips parted and dribbled a heavenly concoction of spunk and pussy juice on to the cock-shaped lever. I saw his tool twitch and swell as I moved slowly up and down on the lubricated column, gradually pushing

leave a noticeable puddle. I pretended not to notice. Janet was flustered and red. Later, she looked at me sheepishly, knowing that I must have known.

When we were alone I asked why she had changed her skirt. She smiled and said, "You know." It was our secret. We started to go out together to find public places to pee in, or have competitions to see who could hold on the longest. This lasted for about a year.

One day we were having our competition in Regent's Park when Janet said she simply had to go. She looked anxious and didn't care for the competition any longer. We tried to find a loo and when we did, it was closed. It was too much for her. With one hand on the railing and the other pushed between her legs, she leaked spectacularly. She was wearing a white mini and the stream seemed to flow continuously down her legs spreading at her feet as it seeped through her shoes.

We hardly spoke on the way home. Later I realised that she'd found a boyfriend and our games were over.

My next pissing adventure came when I was living in digs in Bristol with a fortysomething landlady called Mary. One night we went out for dinner. She got a bit tipsy, and as we were waiting for a bus she hopped about dying for a wee. I felt rather turned on. "I'm not joking," she said, "I can't hold on much longer."

Finally, the bus came and we made the 15 minute journey in silence. I could sense that every muscle in her body was tense. She bit her lip and gave little gasps as she squirmed in her seat. When we reached our stop she whispered that she couldn't get up. I pulled her up gently by the hand and checked the back of her skirt to see if all was well. There was a tiny dark patch which showed how desperate she must have been.

I put my arm round her to say it was OK and we'd be home soon. I could feel her shudder as she walked on. She was groaning, "Oh, oh, oh." Her hand was wedged firmly between her legs. As I looked down I could see a fast spreading patch of dark pink. The pee streamed down her white tights and made a steaming rivulet along the pavement. My knob was hard in my boxer shorts.

She had lost all control. "I'm sorry, I can't help it," she said. At last she finished. Her skirt was soaked, it stuck to and hugged the contours of her firm buttocks.

Eventually she started to loosen up and as we reached the back door I was able to say that it was rather a turn on. She agreed and took my hand, leading me to the bathroom.

DIFFERENT strokes

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ME

Bar Snacks

more and more of it into my sodden twat.
John was rock solid by now. He stood up and came towards me, and, placing a

pulled myself off the pump, knelt at his feet, taking his throbbing organ deep into my mouth. His stalk tasted great, of fresh sex, and if there's one thing that is guaranteed to turn me on, it's the taste and smell of my own pussy when I am horny.

I pulled his foreskin right back and held his tightened scrotum in my hand as my tongue wound its way round his ridge. Deeper and deeper I took him until all of a sudden I felt his manhood swell to what seemed like twice its size and heard him moan with pleasure as he shot jets of warm cream into my willing mouth and down my throat. I



hand under each of my buttocks, he dived his tongue between my legs. It was the most delightful experience I had ever had. It was as though I was being fucked by the most enormous dick and licked into ecstasy at the same time.
John's head bobbed up and down with my gyrations and the wetness that he wasn't lapping up with his tongue, dribbled down the pump handle. Thank God for drip trays!!!
Pretty soon, I felt myself coming yet again as John's expert tongue probed harder and harder on my heavily swollen clitty. I can't really remember but I'm sure I screamed out loud as I had the most enormous, the most intense orgasm. As soon as I'd come, John fell backwards into a chair and I was dying to show my gratitude. I

swallowed and savoured the taste. You know one of the many things about giving a man a blow job, is that his cock frequently stays hard after he's come, and John was no exception. He rolled me roughly onto my back and drove his length between my pussy lips and into my still eager hole.
Having just come, we were able to have what felt like an everlasting screw. I thought my pussy could take no more and we both climaxed together.
We were fucked out as he withdrew his penis, not just from the sex itself, but from the excitement we had both endured through the evening. And even though I found it hard to sit down the next day, I was sure of one thing: I was never going to let myself go for so long without a good shafting again; and I never have!!! - L., Bristol.

She picked up the hem of her sodden skirt and slowly raised it, revealing her legs encased in wet tights and clinging red panties with a white trim.
I pulled her down and peeled off her undies. They squelched as they came off. I grabbed her soft, velvety breasts, raising her nipples until I could could bring my mouth around them. My fingers worked her clit and she released my tool from its confinement. She eased me into the channel of love via the moist and sticky valley of delight. Shafting her gently and feeling the wet dress she was till wearing, I shot with an explosion of pleasure that I had never felt before.

We continued our fun whenever possible. One evening we were standing at a quiet bus stop when we noticed a chap who kept glancing at Mary who looked good in a short navy skirt and peach blouse. We decided to pretend not to know each other. Mary then started shifting around and hopping from one foot to the other. her contortions left the man in no doubt that she was bursting for a pee. The chap was clearly turned on and let two busses go past in his excitement.

Mary finally went up to him and asked if he knew the whereabouts of the nearest ladies' toilet. He said he didn't. Mary continued her wriggling and walked towards a bush obviously contemplating the possibility of a quick one. But finding no room she returned and absent-mindedly pushed her hand up between her thighs, as if checking for leaks. Suddenly she let the skirt drop back, startled at what she had done. The guy's hand was starting to work off in his trouser pocket and I was creaming myself watching it all.

Finally, Mary came up to me to ask if I knew of a toilet. By this time she was bent over, holding herself. She looked desperate and continued dancing up and down, legs firmly wedged together.

Then she dropped some money on the pavement and bent down to pick it up. This gave her a reason to lose control. As she squatted down, pretending to pick up the money, she let flow through her knickers and skirt. A puddle formed beneath her bottom as the pee cascaded down onto the pavement.

When she came to an end, she calmly stood up and put the money into her purse as though nothing had happened. She held the bag across her bottom and pulled at her skirt. The guy had obviously brought himself off and was trying to appear comfortable in a sticky situation.

Shortly after that, I moved away from Bristol and the fun ended although Mary and I still keep in touch. - D.C., London

KNAVE

Volume 24 Number 6

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BEG

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PENPOWER

59

He put me onto my back and I spread for him as I moved his cock head to my aching pussy and I was easing upwards with his hands under my buttocks as he started to pull my cunt onto his cock. I sighed out and I had my legs wrapped over his back as I raised

"Now baby now..." and I was screaming as he rammed up me to the hilt. My juices were pouring out from me again, I felt his black hands on my swollen tits, his black fingers rubbing the hard aching tips of my nipples. And that's when he came, his fingers digging into



myself further. I wanted to be full of him. He gripped my bum cheeks and thrust. He was all the way in and I screamed in joy. He pulled out and rammed back in. It was a fuck out of this world. In no time at all I was in orgasm as all of me, tits, nipples, belly, cunt, pulsed and vibrated with my passion. All of my body was on fire. The wetness poured from me. He fucked me faster and faster, his cock got deeper and deeper and it was a rod of black steel. I was raking his back, my heels dug into his buttocks, I came harder and harder. He grunted and somehow I knew he too was almost there. I found his swinging balls with one hand and squeezed them. His massive chest filled with air and his arms went rigid, he pulled most of his cock out of me, there was just the knob in my cunt. I heard him gasp,

my bum. I felt him burst in me, he pumped and still his stuff was jelling out, his cock was squelching in me, the sperm was coming out of me, down my thighs and our bellies were wet with it. And then it was all over. He lay on me, he was heavy and he was gasping in his pleasure as he sucked air deep into his lungs and I have never been so deliciously happy as I was then. That is a month ago now, David is back home of course and Ryan has returned to the States. Needless to say, I was with him every night for his stay in Britain. Now I am left with beautiful and happy memories. I say to myself almost every day that it will never happen again but I am far from sure - fruit that is stolen tastes very sweet indeed. - G., Wales.

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NOTE - SOME 081 numbers may refer you to 0898 numbers F

ADVERTISEMENT

CLASSIFIED SPECIAL

Spread My Legs 0898 442 142
My Leather Mask 0898 700 329
Hot, Wet and Sticky 0898 362 652
Three Girl Action 0898 362 661
Climax In My Mouth 0898 300 994
Shaving Girls 0898 442 966
Naked Nymphs 0898 442 997
Let Me Suck It 0898 100 461
Sex In The Showers 0898 362 653
AC/DC Girl 0898 362 669
Oral Relief 0898 300 843
Soho Striptease 0898 300 870
Big & Very Busty 0898 100 470
Strict With You 0898 362 658
Swapping Panties 0898 700 399
Slide It In 0898 700 348
All Girl Orgy 0898 442 155
Into 'O' 0898 362 663

GIRLS AVAILABLE NOW

Call now and one of our sexy girls will talk to you live

0898 442 155

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

Home made recordings and live sex talk, where you can listen in. Many kinky specials and you can join the club if you want.

Playing By Myself 0898 442 172

Big Bang Line 0898 700 365

I'll Get It Out 0898 100 473

Horny College Girls 0898 700 351

Sucking Girls 0898 362 693

Blonde 20 Year Old 0898 300 860

With My Neighbour 0898 362 666

Three In A Bed 0898 442 730

24 HOUR GUY TALK

JUST LISTEN IN

0898 442 971

SPECIALIST SEX PHONE GIRLS

(24 HOURS)

Intimate Girls Enjoying Each Other 0898 442 192

Explicit Sexual Talk That Will Give You Relief 0898 362 665

Two Girls Stripping Each Other For Pleasure 0898 700 380

My Fingers Are In My Panties 0898 362 657

Live Sex Recording, Special Adult Action 0898 700 369

My Knickers Are Down & I'm Waiting For You 0898 700 329

I'm Playing With My Boobs While I Talk To You 0898 442 972

My Husband's Away & I'm Feeling Frustrated 0898 442 998

Sexy Sisters Will Give You A Good Time 0898 700 352

I'm An Expert In Bringing You To A Phone Climax 0898 700 381

Telephone Striptease Just For You 0898 700 353



We can find you a sex contact in your area within one hour DIAL 0225 751030

24 hour service No fees 0898 700 346

DIRTY TALK MATURE WOMEN ARE WAITING FOR YOU TO CALL NO FEES CONTACT THEM ON 0898 700 356

LISTEN IN

to sex conversations (you do not have to speak if you don't want to) three line system

DIAL 0898 THEN NO'S

GUY TALKING TO GUY 700 366

GIRL TALKING TO GIRL 362 667

BUTCH GIRL TALKING TO WIMP 362 695

GENERAL SEX LINE 362 691



